

SHARKEY WINS ON A FOUL

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
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A CLOSE CALL FOR HER LEGS.

A PLUCKY FIREMAN SAVES A BEAUTY FROM FIRE, IN A CLEVELAND, O., THEATRE.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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If all the referees were like the gentleman who officiated at the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey contest in San Francisco there would be very little use in any fighter going in the ring to fight a square battle. Fitzsimmons has some friends and a good many enemies, yet there doesn't seem to be anyone who believes he wasn't as deliberately robbed of the decision as it was possible for a man to be. Fitzsimmons has always been looked upon as a square fighter—it was, together with his wonderful hitting powers and his undoubted gameness, his stock in trade, and no one has ever accused him of being a foul or unfair fighter. From the first Sharkey's tactics were, to say the least, peculiar. He was always reaching low and wrestling, and in the seventh round all agree he did pretty nearly everything but bite, while the referee looked calmly on, and in response to Fitz's protest, remarked: "Go on; fight." The very clear account of the contest printed in another column, and the accurate picture which accompanies it, clearly shows how the sailor man received his quietus. He was knocked completely out and was dead to the world for some little time. The referee counted him out and then solemnly gave the fight to the prostrate man on a foul. He overreached himself on that point, for as a matter of fact there was no necessity for counting a fouled man out. The trouble seems to have been that there was too much San Francisco money on the sailor and the San Francisco sports were not game enough to take a chance for it, but wanted a sure thing.

## MASKS AND FACES.

Casino Girls Get Their Sealskins  
and Diamonds Out of Hock.

**SALAD DAYS ARE HERE.**

Piquant Anna Held Likes the Country  
and Thinks She Will Remain.

**SHE HAS A VERY GOOD THING.**

It seems as if the good old times have come to the good old Casino again, for since the production of "Jack and the Beanstalk" the girls have begun to get their sealskins and diamonds out of hock, and a good many of them have taken to buying "furniture of their own." The chappies are all on deck again, and are nightly wearing away the flagstones in front of the stage door. The man around town who hasn't a Casino chorus girl on his staff doesn't deserve to be recognized, and as there are not enough girls to go round you can



MAGNETIC CASINO GIRLS AGAIN.

A Successful Play Brings Angel Chappies to Them as of Yore.

figure out for yourself how many good things on Broadway are buying gold bricks these days.

At any rate the girls are drinking wine these days and laying up for a rainy day—perhaps.

It is announced that Anna Held is soon to leave the cast of "A Parlor Match" to star at the head of a variety company. Miss Anna has been very fortunate since her arrival in this country, for she had not been on American ground a week when she was taken under the wing of one of the wealthiest men in the country. How those French ladies seem to catch on!

The question is now, will Pauline Hall have to go to jail because she failed to obey a summons issued from Judge McCarthy's court? She may have to, but not if Howe & Hummel are active.

When Miss Sadie Martinot again appears in the East she will be at the head of a company of her own. She is now at the Golden Gate and she has resolved to star again. It may have been the climate or it may have been an "angel" which induced Miss Martinot to "consent" to star, but she's coming and all the chappies can get ready to do her homage. She needs a lot because it's her nature.

Speaking of Miss Martinot brings to mind husband Max Figman, who doesn't seem to be working at his job just now, for a whole continent divides him and the Mrs. He is in New York doing a nice little

### FOOTLIGHT QUEENS.

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neat little sketch, entitled "Dropping a Hint," with Miss Lillian Burkhardt. Miss Lillian is in realism Mrs. Charles Dickson, but that's all right.

Miss Rose Coghlan is to get a big benefit before long. No one knows why she should get a benefit, but she is going to get one just the same. Perhaps she really needs one.

Kate Davis, who was up in court in supplementary proceedings the other day, after swearing that she had very little clothing and no jewelry, fainted away in the witness chair.

Richard Harlow has abandoned the legitimate and has fixed up a vaudeville sketch that will fit his own peculiar talents. Among the rest who will appear in the variety houses are Grace Thorne and Sybil Johnstone.

Angelina Allen, who has for some time been in the Retreat for the Insane at Hartford, Conn., and who rejoiced in the nickname of "Curves" because she had them to give away or lend, is having a hard time of it, and the prospects are that she will not live the year out.

Frank McKee, one of the proprietors of Hoyt's Theatre, received a cablegram the other day which announced the death of Sadie McDonald, the soubrette in McKee & Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" company, which is now playing in Australia. No one had heard she was even ill. The latest piece of gossip about her which has been

for London on Nov. 23, where they are booked for eight weeks. They also play at Johannesburg, S. A., at the Empire Theatre of Varieties.

Little Eva Mudge, who has been singing, dancing and reciting, will celebrate her sixteenth birthday on December 5. She will then be able to glide from under the watchful eye of the Gerry Society, and will enjoy her freedom by making her debut at Keith's Union Square on Monday, December 7.

Hammerstein's Winter Garden has come to be a howling success and every night crowds through the place to see the varied programme there presented. Since Mr. George Waugh Arnold has been up at the big marble palace on Broadway things seem to have taken a jump, and the amusement columns of the newspapers are full of Hammerstein's affairs.

Freda West, of Al Reeves' company, was presented with a handsome diamond ring on the stage of the Star Theatre in Brooklyn recently. The presentation speech was made by Arthur Lawrence, who told of the high esteem in which Miss West is held by her Brooklyn friends. Later in the evening Miss West was entertained at a banquet at Knickerbocker Hall.

Among the prominent performers who have recently gone into vaudeville none is better known or more popular than Frederick Hallen and Mollie Fuller, who are winning new laurels with their clever singing, dancing and talking sketch, in which is embodied the essence of all the clever things they have said or sung during their entire farce-comedy career. She and Mr. Hallen in their neat sketch play cleverly into each other's hands, and the result is a pleasant half hour of refined fun.

Della Fox has discovered, since she began her stellar career, what a vast number of persons there are who have "one of the best things on earth" which would be helped most materially by her written indorsement. She has received enough samples of face powder to keep her chorus in make-up for a year, and the supply of fancy soaps has been of a wholesale description. Bottles of new perfumery have become a drug, and all these things are forwarded with a request that the lady will kindly sample them and return a written indorsement to the sender. Comic opera librettos from unknown authors, and usually with insufficient postage on them, arrive. To those must be added large batches of songs—comic, pathetic and sentimental—exactly suited to Miss Fox's voice, and all guaranteed (by the composer) to make a hit. Hats christened for her as a rule annoy Miss Fox more than any other of the multifarious articles to which people have attached her name, for the reason that she has never yet seen one of them in which she did not look like a fright.

The chest of Ike Rose has an eight-inch expansion, and it now measures, normally, forty-four inches net. His wife, professionally known as Saharet, has given birth to a girl at their home at 1225 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Margaret Mather has closed with John G. Nagle to manage her coming tour. She will open at Palmer's Theatre on Jan. 18 for two weeks in "Cymbeline." Miss Mather says no money will be spared on the production. Is it Pabst money?

Marie Mather has retired from the Fanny Rice company as prima donna on account of a bad throat. She is succeeded by Kate Michels. Leopold Jordan was engaged for two weeks to act as advance agent. Frank E. Morse has resumed the position. He has been back with the company during Dr. Purdy's absence in New York.

Wemie Bernard will leave Robert Hilliard's company soon. She appeared the other night after an operation on her eye in order not to put Mr. Hilliard to loss or inconvenience, as she had no understudy in "The Mummy." In her nervousness she forgot one line in her last scene and Mr. Hilliard fined her. She refused to accept this penalty; hence her withdrawal.

Bertha Galland began last week a starring tour in classical repertoire, managed by George Edgar and R. G. Morris, and supported by Eleanor Carey and Eugene Ormond.

Mrs. H. Arthur Leible (wife of the baritone of that name), better known upon the comic opera stage as Queenie May, is the proud mother of a bouncing baby boy.

An unusually fine attraction is at the People's Theatre this week. Florrie West heads the company, and her conception of "A Bowery Girl" is said to be a clever bit of character. The principal scenes are the Bowery at night, showing the Grand street elevated station, the house-tops of New York, with a novel fire scene at the Palisades on the Hudson river, with a terrific dynamite explosion.

Manager Tom Miner's management seems to be a particularly favorable one.

### MIDST FOLLY'S REIGN.

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# EXTRA!

## SHARKEY WON FROM FITZSIMMONS ON A FOUL

The Sailor Was Knocked Out, Prone and Helpless in the Ring, But a Winner.

REFEREE EARP CENSURED FOR DECIDING UNFAIRLY.

Sailor Tom Committed Many Flagrant Violations of the Rules that Were Unnoticed by the Official.

FITZSIMMONS HAD BEEN WARNED OF A CONSPIRACY TO ROB HIM.

Amidst an uproar and confusion paralleled only by the excitement that marked the closing moments of the great fight between Sullivan and Corbett, Referee Wyatt Earp calmly awarded Sailor Tom Sharkey the honors of victory over Bob Fitzsimmons before an audience of 15,000 men and women who thronged Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, on the night of December 2. While the announcement was being made, Sharkey, the victor, lay senseless and bleeding on the floor of the ring, while Fitzsimmons, the loser, stood in his corner, unhurt to all appearances, smiling and bowing his acknowledgments in anticipation of being hailed as the victor.

Judge then of the paralyzing effect which the referee's utterances had upon the vast throng to whom Sharkey's utter annihilation was most apparent. After leaning over the Sailor while the ten seconds were ticked off he straightened up his form and gave his decision to Sharkey, explaining that Fitzsimmons had struck him a foul blow in the rally which brought the contest to a conclusion.

Long before this eventful episode transpired in the eighth round, Fitzsimmons had practically whipped him to a standstill, at any rate he was dazed and staggering about the ring.

It was anybody's fight up to the sixth round, though Fitzsimmons had the best of it. Sharkey's wonderful recuperative powers made the result uncertain. Knock-down blows seemed to have little effect on him, and with the sound of the gong at the beginning of each round he sprang to the centre of the ring, eager to do battle. Thousands of dollars changed hands when the end of the sixth round found him on his feet and full of fight.

In the first round Sharkey was the aggressor. He landed on Fitz several times during the round, but his blows were not as effective as Fitz's. Towards the end of the round Sharkey grew over-confident, and the Cornishman enticed him into leaving an opening. Sharkey went down, and he hardly regained his feet before he was flogged again.

The blows that felled the seaman were such as have twice defeated Peter Maher, but when he rose from the floor of the ring he showed not the slightest sign of grogginess, and jumped at his opponent as sprightly as before.

During this round Sharkey had shown that he was a much improved man, and his backers gained confidence. He handled himself more cleverly than when he fought Corbett, and easily avoided three or four knock-out swings which Fitz sent in his direction. He showed considerable aptitude for ducking and led and countered well.

Up to the sixth round Fitz had gained no decided battle. He had all the best of it so far as landing blows was concerned, but after each sharp rally the heavily-muscled seaman seemed no nearer defeat than before. Sharkey resorted to frequent clinches, invariably grappling low and throwing his arms about the Cornishman's legs.

In the sixth Fitz forced the fighting and attempted to send in a knockout blow. A left swing caught Sharkey's iron jaw, and the right found lodgment on the opposite side. Sharkey clinched to avoid punishment. When they broke away he swung and caught a nasty left hook in return. The Cornishman landed repeatedly and the sailor's returns were light, though he was still full of fight. Fitz again had his man going when the gong sounded.

The close of the seventh round found the seaman staggering and uncertain in his movements. He came up strong at the beginning of the eighth and led viciously for Fitz's wind. A mix-up followed, and Sharkey stopped a pair of uppercuts. Fitz kept up his onslaught on the seaman, who was still fighting gamely. The Cornishman was seen to uppercute his man and Sharkey went down, rolled over on his back and in vain attempted to rise to a sitting posture. Men who sat within a few feet of the gladiators say Fitzsimmons raised his knee with his arm and that it was the lower limb and not his fist that settled Sharkey.

Others declare that the uppercut did not get to Sharkey's jaw, but because of the Cornishman's long reach and proximity of the men when he struck, it landed below the belt.

Be that as it may, Sharkey had to be carried from the ring, and when seen in his dressing-room immediately afterward, was rolling and writhing in great pain. The decision was received with dissatisfaction by the majority of the spectators, though four out of five of them were yelling for Sharkey.

No event in the history of pugilism on the Pacific

coast ever attracted public attention as did this battle. Both men had trained hard, and each had expressed the utmost confidence in his ability to gain a victory, and the \$10,000 purse which the National Athletic Club offered the victor. Although the contest was limited to ten rounds, there was hardly a spectator in

Gibbs had a brief consultation, and then announced that they had agreed upon Wyatt Earp. Lynch lowered his head and smiled by way of approval. Julian said he did not know the man, but had no objection to him.

As soon as it became known that Earp had accepted the thankless task the rumor-mongers began to get in their work, and it reached Martin Julian's ears that Earp was a staunch friend of Lynch's (Sharkey's manager), and that some deal was afoot to give the Sailor the decision, even if he was knocked out. Julian did not wait to make his kick until Fitzsimmons went into the ring, but had a consultation with Messrs. Groom and Gibbs, the club's managers, at once. They assured him that his fears were groundless, so he capitulated for the time being, but subsequently broke out again. This was when the men were in their corners and ready to proceed to business.

The betting public naturally leaned towards the man of experience, and the odds in Fitzsimmons' favor averaged about 2½ to 1, in some few cases going as high as 4 to 1, but just before the fight started the prevailing odds were about 20 to 9. There was no lack of Sharkey money at these figures, and many bets were offered at even money and accepted that Fitzsimmons would put his man out within six rounds.

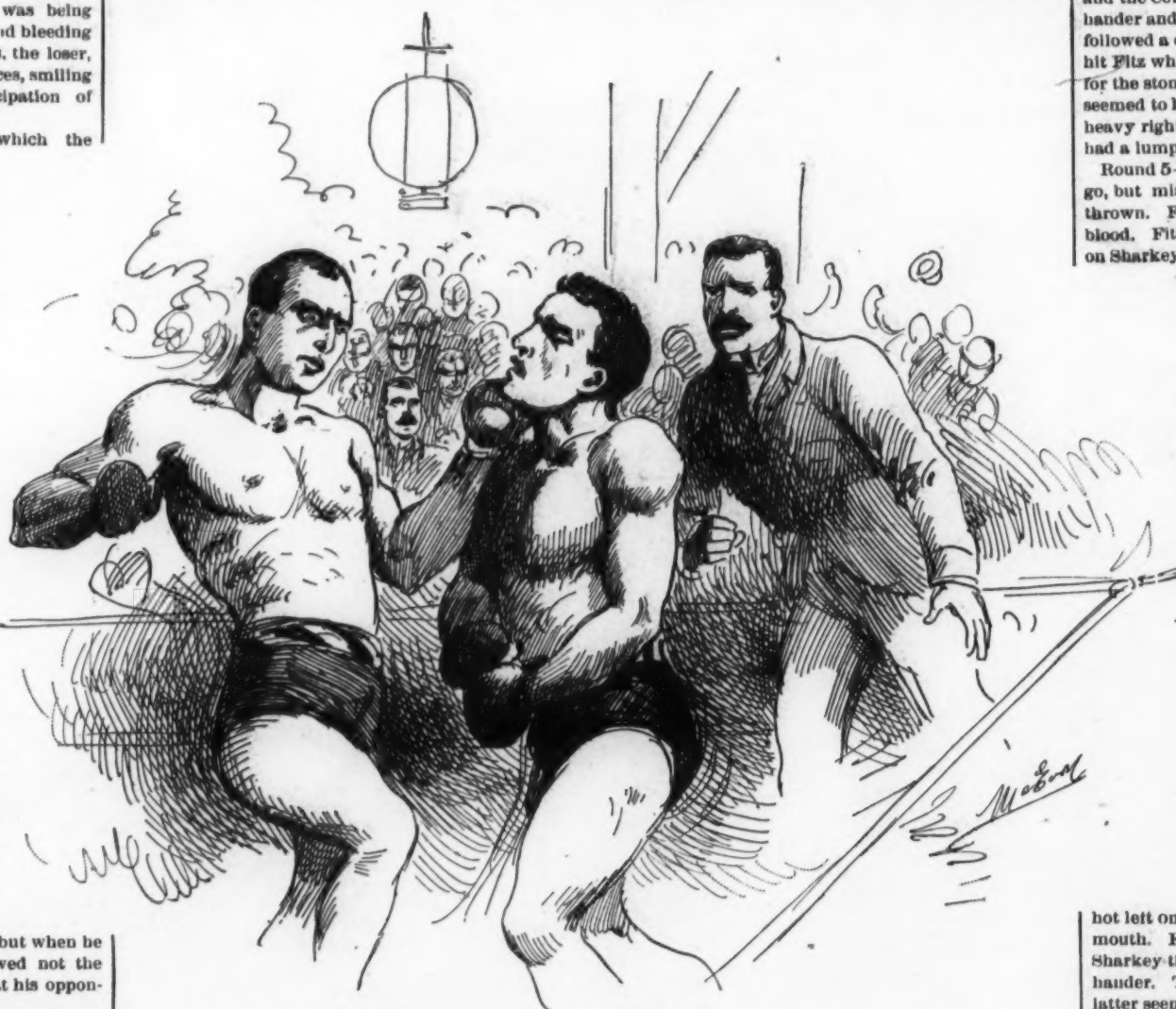
It was 10 o'clock when the event of the evening was announced. The crowd cheered and the cheers became a roar when the gladiators appeared.

It was 10:09 when Fitzsimmons appeared in the ring. He was followed three minutes later by Sharkey.

The applause that greeted Fitzsimmons was very generous, but when the sailor arrived the immense audience arose on its feet and shouted itself hoarse.

Fitz was seconded by Jack Stenzler, Martin Julian and Dan Hickey. Sharkey was looked after by Needham, Australian Billy Smith and George Allen. James Chelsea acted as timekeeper. Fitz got a cheer by walking across the ring and shaking hands with the burly blue jacket.

Sharkey was first introduced, being named as the



FITZSIMMONS' LEFT REACHES SHARKEY'S JAW.

The Australian's Right Knee is Shown in the Position Which Suggests the Possibility of a Foul.

the pavilion who did not expect to see one or the other of the fighters go down to defeat before the full limit of the fight had been reached. The men themselves evidently expected the same. Fitzsimmons and his trainers were confident that Sharkey would be put out in from one to five rounds, and Sharkey expressed every confidence that he would defeat Fitzsimmons within seven rounds.

The referee controversy had been a mooted one all day and culminated most disastrously to Fitzsimmons. The incidents leading up to it are interesting.

In accordance with the articles of agreement Danny Lynch, in behalf of Sharkey, and Martin Julian, in behalf of Fitz, met at the Baldwin hotel at noon for the purpose of selecting a referee. It was understood that if the managers of the fighters could not agree on a referee the matter was to be placed in the hands of the managers of the club.

Julian submitted this list of names, and said he thought they ought to be able to agree upon one of them: Hiram Cook, James McDonald, Robert MacArthur, Charles Fuld and Billy Jordan.

But none of these were satisfactory to Lynch. He had nothing to say against any of them, and would give no reason for refusing to accept them.

"Who do you want?" asked Julian.

"I have two names," answered Lynch. "But I do not think you will accept either of them. They are Danny Miller, horseman, and John Quinn, of the Coleman stables."

Julian would have none of them.

The wrangle was kept up for nearly an hour. It was finally agreed to leave the matter to J. J. Groom and Judd Gibbs, the managers of the club. Groom and

"pride of the American Navy and the champion of the Pacific coast." Fitzsimmons was described as the champion of the world.

Wyatt Earp then stepped into the roped enclosure and it was announced that, owing to rumors of an intention on Earp's part to give Sharkey the decision, Julian refused to accept him as referee.

The announcement was greeted with hisses, and when Julian attempted to explain his action it required the services of the police to secure him a hearing.

When quiet was finally restored Julian said that he had named no less than seven men for referee, none of whom Sharkey would accept, and that he believed it was for the purpose of getting Earp, who was Sharkey's friend, to officiate.

D. J. Lynch, the sailor's manager, then had his say. He declared that Sharkey had lived up to every article of the agreement he signed and was there ready to fight before the referee selected by the club.

Announcer Jordan, after a long wrangle between the officials of the club and the pugilistic managers, stated that Julian was willing to have the fight refereed by any referee in the house, whereupon cries of "Earp" arose on all sides.

Fitz, in the midst of the controversy, got upon his feet and said:

"I have given in to everything in all my fights, and I give in to this."

He asked, however, that Sharkey be not allowed to wear bandages on his hands, as he (Fitzsimmons) wore none.

Sharkey agreed, and the strips of canvas were removed.

The gong sounded for the first round at 10:43.

Both men appeared to be in the pink of condition. When they advanced to the centre of the ring the Australian towered over his shorter antagonist.

Both wore the national colors in their belts. Sharkey wore green trunks and Fitz black.

It was announced that it was agreed that the men would break away from a clinch fairly and without

striking. The following is a description of the fight by rounds:

Round 1—As they toed the scratch Fitz looked taller and narrower than the Sailor. Fitz feinted with left twice and drew back, Sharkey going around the ring carefully. Fitz feinted with his left and swung his right, landing. A clinch followed. The Sailor missed a blow aimed at Fitz's wind with his left. Sharkey got in on Fitz's stomach, after which they clinched. Fitz caught the Sailor's shoulder with his right and again there was a clinch. In the breakaway the Sailor landed on Fitz's elbow. Fitz complained to the referee and the Sailor apologized. Sharkey swung his left and right, but missed. Fitz threw him on his haunches, and when Sharkey arose Fitz scored another knock-down.

Round 2—Fitz feinted with his left and grazed the Sailor's chin with his right. Fitz tried with his left and fell short. Sharkey got in a heavy left on the chest, but was short with his right. Fitz ducked a left swing and clinched. The Sailor ducked a left. Fitz caught Sharkey with his left and landed his right on the shoulder. Sharkey heeled Fitz. Fitz forced Sharkey around the ring, but got no opening. Fitz ducked several right and left swings. Sharkey landed heavily on Fitz's neck with his right, and the Cornishman's head seemed to rock from the force of the blow.

Round 3—Fitz worked more rapidly with his feet. Sharkey ducked a right swing and clasped Fitz around the hips, and the crowd jeered the Sailor. Fitz caught the Sailor on the jaw with a hard right, but the Sailor countered with his right. Fitz tried hard to get in a right-hand knock-out. Sharkey planted a left overhand blow on Lanky Bob's neck, and then doubled Fitz up with a terrible left on the stomach. There were loud cheers for the Sailor. Sharkey followed up his advantage with another left on the stomach. Fitz landed with his left on the Sailor's nose as the gong sounded.

Round 4—As they came together Fitz slipped and fell on his haunches. There were wild cheers. Sharkey caught Fitz on the stomach with three hard lefts and the Cornishman looked sober. Fitz ducked a left-hander and poked his left in the Sailor's face. Then followed a clinch and a mix-up in the corner. Sharkey hit Fitz while holding on. The Sailor played continually for the stomach. There was a good rally and Sharkey seemed to have the best of it. Fitz caught Sharkey a heavy right-hander on the cheek bone. Sharkey's eye had a lump on it when he went to his corner.

Round 5—Fitz feinted with his left and let his right go, but missed. Then came a clinch and Fitz was thrown. Fitz got in one on the Sailor's cheek, drawing blood. Fitz missed a right swing, but landed his left on Sharkey's face. The Sailor seemed a little worse for wear. In the mix-up that followed he clasped Fitz's hips and was roundly hooted. Fitz caught the Sailor with a right swing on the cheek, and followed it with another right. The Sailor wobbled to his knees. Fitz assisted Sharkey to his feet and was again clasped around the hips. Sharkey was plainly rattled, and badly punished when the gong sounded.

Round 6—Fitz feinted, and the Sailor put his left in on the chin. Fitz hooked the Sailor's chin with his left, sending his head back. Fitz caught Sharkey on the forehead with his left. Both men were slightly tired. Fitz stopped Sharkey's leads with left facers. Fitz hooked the Sailor with a left and Sharkey clinched. Fitz then used his left lightly and swung his right with force. Fitz plants his right and left on the Sailor's face. Sharkey looked dizzy as he went to his corner.

Round 7—Fitz led with his left, but landed high. Then came three clinches and the referee was kept busy. There was not much vim in the Sailor's fighting, and his blows fell short. Fitz tried with his right and missed. Then he landed on Sharkey with a left hook. Sharkey was fighting foul. Fitz got in a

hot left on the chin and followed with a left on the mouth. Fitz put in several hard lefts on the face. Sharkey then rushed, but was met with a stiff left-hander. The Sailor rushed Fitz to the ropes and the latter seemed a little tired as the round closed.

Round 8—Fitz side-stepped away from Sharkey's left lead. The Cornishman missed with his right and Sharkey countered on the neck. Sharkey then fell short on several overhand leads. Fitz was laughing, but he looked tired. They clinched and the referee separated them. Fitz tried his right, but missed. Sharkey landed his left on Fitz's wind and received a hard left on his nose in return. Sharkey wobbled from the effects of a right-hand hook. Fitz then began knocking Sharkey right and left, winding up by landing his left on the stomach. The Sailor's seconds claimed a foul. The blow seemed to catch the Sailor very low. Sharkey dropped to the floor and lay there groaning.

His seconds rushed into the ring. Fitz walked away to his corner grinning, while the police jumped into the ring.

Referee Earp then gave the fight to Sharkey on a foul.

Of course the referee's decision excited a lot of ill-feeling, and the hotels, cafes and public resorts of San Francisco were the scenes of many a hot argument. Referee Earp came in for a lot of abuse, and no attempts were made by those who took the Fitzsimmons end of the discussion to conceal their belief that the whole thing was a "put up job," and that Earp was in with it.

Interest in the affair was rather augmented than otherwise on the following day. The excitement began at 10 o'clock in the morning, when Dan Lynch, the backer of Sharkey, presented himself at the Anglo-Californian Bank with the \$10,000 certified check which Referee Earp had turned over to him. Earp accompanied him to the bank.

Paying Teller Stimson informed them that he had been instructed not to pay it, and referred them to Manager Lillenthal. They went into the manager's office and in ten minutes or so emerged and left the bank. Afterwards Manager Lillenthal said that the

(Continued on Page 7.)

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ANGELINA ALLEN.

SHE WAS THE PRIDE OF THE JOHNNIES BEFORE SHE WAS SENT TO A SANITARIUM.





WHAT A LITTLE MOUSE DID.  
IT WAS IN THE HARLEM OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK, AND  
ALMOST CREATED A PANIC.



HORRIBLE CRIME OF A YOUNG GIRL.  
WITH AN AXE SHE KILLS HER COUSIN IN A QUARREL  
IN THEIR HOME AT COLUMBIA, S. C.



SHE HAD AN ICY BATH.  
A FAIR BUT VENTURESOME SKATER BREAKS THROUGH THIN ICE ON SALT CREEK, HINSDALE, ILL.



## BROKER WEDS TYPEWRITER

And Thereby Recalls a Sensational Divorce Suit.

WIFE LOVED ALL MEN.

She Had a Couple of Catskill Coachmen On Her Staff for the Summer.

SOME VERY HOT LOVE LETTERS.

There is a rich, rare and racy bit of news which has floated out from the exclusive circles of Wall street which brings out one of the most sensational stories of the day, and which revives a divorce suit which caused more talk at the time than any other suit of the year. The news as told now is that one of the swiftest and fastest brokers of the town has been secretly married to a young woman who was his typewriter.

It was only last spring that this self-same broker secured an absolute divorce from his wife, Alice, on the usual grounds of adultery. The trial, which was the most sensational one of the year, was a long while before the public, and the most remarkable part of the whole business was that all of the male servants of the family were named as co-respondents. Besides that the twelve-year-old son of the couple went on the stand and told in detail of his mother's misconduct with the servants, while she wept bitterly.

Later, during the trial she was put on the stand and during her testimony she admitted that while she was stopping at a well-known resort in the Catskill mountains, gentlemen were so scarce that she was compelled to associate with coachmen and other servants—as it was absolutely necessary for her to have male society.

The story was a long one and brought out many disgusting tales of the woman's carryings-on with men who were not her equal.

On the other hand the wife said that her husband had been brutal to her, and besides had taken long trips with young women whose morals were not up to the standard. She admitted that it was absolutely necessary for her to have men, for she said while testifying:

"There were very few gentlemen there. It was a lonely house. There were no men there to associate with but coachmen.

"I am a democratic woman. One of the coachmen was very intimate with the wife of the proprietor of the hotel. I was intimate with her. That is the way I became acquainted with him.

"One bright, moonlight night I sat at his feet as he was lying in a hammock.

"I heard music at another hotel and went over there. He followed. We went on the veranda and looked through the windows a short time. Then we returned to my own hotel.

"I went to my room and began to read. I had not been reading long when I heard a noise on the roof of the veranda. I opened the blind, and, looking out, saw the coachman climbing on to the roof.

"I drew in my head, fastened the blind, put down the window and retired."

But the evidence went to show that she admitted the man and that he remained in the room with her until 4 o'clock in the morning.

Here are a few samples of the letters which were introduced at the trial. They were written by the erring wife to one of her coachman lovers:

My DEAR WILL—Your letter received at 6 o'clock to-night. I was so glad to receive it that I kissed the letter over and over. Oh, it seems as if I will die if I don't see you soon. I am here all alone to-night, no one to speak to, and thinking of you: if you were only here and I could hear your dear voice.

Tell me if there is anything I can do for you. We have been so happy together, and to think we are so far apart. There are plenty of places if we only knew just where to find them. I will do all I can to help you get a place. Do keep your promise you made to me. Be a good man and you will get along and I will always stand by you. I am glad to know that you drove to the boat to see me. I know by now you love me.

If you only knew how lonesome I am here to-night all alone you would fly to me. Write soon as you receive this and let me know how you are. I hope you are well. Send your letters always in the morning, same time that you did this one, 8 A. M., and I will get it at 6 P. M., for I am always home at that time and can get it myself. Otherwise it would get here in the morning, and I would not be so sure of getting it personally, before some one else saw it.

My darling, you must write soon as you get this and tell me how you are. I send kisses and much love to my dear. Good night. From YOUR DARLING.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 15, 1891.

My DARLING WILL—I am so sick to-day that I am in bed, but am trying to sit up and write to you. Am I never going to see you? I must try and come this week if I feel better. I will telegraph you to meet me when I come, and I think it will be on Friday of this week. I will let you know what train later in the week, and when I telegraph you, you must let Harry know, for I am going to stay at the house all night, and you must tell him to send a carriage for me, and he must let you come after me.

I hope to come, but if you come down before that I will not have to come up. I hope my darling is well for I do love you so, and I want to see you so much, and my darling is so far away. Write me as soon as you receive this, but do not send any letters to my house. Send them to the address which I send in this letter, for it will be safer not to send them to my house. Oh, my darling, if I only had that letter which you sent this morning, but it is gone, and I will have to wait till you send another. Good-night, my own darling one, with kisses. I am, YOUR DARLING.

Write very soon.

The principal co-respondents who were supposed to have been with the woman when she left the paths of moral rectitude seemed to take delight in the very peculiar position in which they were placed, and were particularly pleased when the manager of the hotel went on the stand and said he found the wife and one of the coachmen frequently sitting in a hammock in a very dark and secluded place.

Since her divorce the ex-wife has supported herself

as a nurse and for some time she was attached to the staff of a Brooklyn hospital where she had several very pleasant little affairs on with the doctors.

### S BORTEL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Some time ago there left this country for Cuba a young Cuban cigar dealer. His destination was the army of Maceo, and he went forth to fight. He had a very good business at 220 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, and he was making money, but his sympathies were with the Cubans, so he equipped himself with rifle and ammunition and went to fight against Spain. He hasn't been heard of since, but his friends believe and hope that he is safe with the rebel forces and doing his share to help the little island from the bonds of slavery.

### A CLOSE CALL FOR HER LEGS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

If it had not been for the presence of mind of a fireman who was stationed in the wings of a Cleveland, O., theatre the other evening during a performance, there would have been a beauty with a pair of singed legs. This particular fairy, who has the reputation of having the best curves in the show, in order to show herself off wandered a little too close to the footlights. Her cloak caught fire, and she screamed and jumped back. The flames swirled around her legs as if they were human, and just then the fireman came out and put the fire out.

### DUCKED FOR WIFE BEATING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is a little tailor in the town of Decatur, Ind., who will never again beat his wife. He tried to murder her the other day and she took the children and



THIS IS WHAT HE SAW.

Testifying in a Divorce Suit, a Catskill Hotel Man Says He Saw the Woman in the Arms of a Coachman in a Hammock.

escaped to a place of safety. The news soon became known, and about a dozen men called on the tailor. They escorted him to the St. Mary's river, where they tied a rope about his ankle and threw him into the stream. He was repeatedly drawn out and plunged in again until almost lifeless. Friends came to his rescue in the nick of time. He was taken out of the water and cared for until he regained consciousness, when officers took him to jail. This is the second attempt the man has made to murder his family. Some time ago, while attempting to behead his wife with an axe, he was seized by an angry crowd, which came near strangling him up.

### HORRIBLE CRIME OF A YOUNG GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A crime that has not only startled but shocked Columbia, S. C., was committed the other night when Anna Isaac, aged fourteen years, attacked her cousin, Rosa Joseph, who is about the same age, with an axe and almost severed her head from her body. The girls have quarreled frequently of late, and jealousy is supposed to have prompted the crime.

### SHE HAD AN ICY BATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

If it had not been for the prompt work of a sturdy young German of Hildesheim, Ill., the other day, one of the prettiest young women of that town would have been drowned in the icy waters of Salt creek, near that town. While she was skating the ice suddenly gave way beneath her, and she was precipitated into the water. The young man was on hand and he pulled her to safety. Then he went to the village and got a doctor, who soon had the girl in good shape.

**A SLAVE TO HER VANITIES.**  
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## CRIME OF A JEALOUS MAN.

How a Woman Who Was Once a Belle Met Her Death.

HAD HER THROAT CUT.

Then Her Husband Did His Duty to the World by Killing Himself.

MONEY GOT THE BEST OF THEM.

Less than five years ago pretty Maggie Dunlop was the belle of "The Ridge," which is that part of Philadelphia which produces more fine looking girls and tougher men than any other part of the Quaker City. Although she was only sixteen years old she was as fully developed as a woman of twenty-one years, and her dark, striking beauty made the heart of all the youths in the neighborhood beat faster when they saw her. She was vivacious, pleasing, loving and brim full of fun and she had been engaged in several little adventures that had set the tongues of old gossips a-wagging. At last Billy Goukler began to keep company with her.

said, had sprung up between Mrs. Goukler and a good-looking butcher in the neighborhood. Goukler was torn with conflicting emotions. He still passionately loved his handsome wife; he felt the irritation of being so near a small fortune and yet unable to touch it, and, above all, filling his brain with madness, was added the fear that his wife was unfaithful. He got drunk every night.

The other night he was to have been initiated in the Greenleaf Club. He got drunk early in the evening and was seen by half a dozen persons flourishing a revolver.

"I'm going to do it this time," he remarked several times, but no one paid any particular attention to him.

He didn't go home until 11 o'clock at night, and then after he had gone to his rooms the folks below heard the sound of quarreling. The noise kept up until about 1 o'clock in the morning, when the people in the rooms below heard the woman cry out:

"Oh, Will!"

A moment later there was the sound of a heavy body falling. Then all was still. The folks below were nervous but as the sound was not repeated they fell asleep.

At 2 o'clock in the morning the friend of a husband had committed just one-half of his crime. His wife's head, almost severed from her body, hung over the side of the bed.

The man went out of the house and walked around to Redner street, where his mother lived. He made his way in and waking her up, said he had come to bid her good-bye. She thought he had simply had one of his ordinary quarrels with his wife and she told him to go home.

He obeyed her and returned to the scene of the crime.

His wife was dead. All around the room were the marks of the terrific but silent struggle that had taken place before she had succumbed. Blood was everywhere. The bloody marks on the face, where he had held her head to keep her from struggling, had dried in a ghastly manner. The long black hair hung disheveled. The magnificent limbs lay still in death. Satisfied that he had done his job he prepared for the other part of the crime. He took a large case-knife from the table, staining as he did so the bread and meat prepared for him by his wife, which lay there. Deliberately he sharpened it on the steel. Then, lying beside his wife, he drew the knife across his throat. He did not cut deep enough, and too weak to make another

gash, slowly, as the gray dawn streamed through the window, his life blood ebbed away.

At half-past 7 in the morning his half brother called at the house. He went upstairs and knocked at the door.

There was no answer. Then he became frightened and went around to the police station. Two officers were detailed to investigate. They broke into the door leading to the front room and were almost unnerved by the ghastly sight.

On the once neat bed, now soaked through and through with blood, lay the corpse of Mrs. Goukler, her husband at her side. She lay across the middle of the bed on her back, clad only in her undergarments, as was her murderer.

When Policeman Seltries went to summon a patrol wagon, Policeman Clark, glancing toward the bed, saw the head of the apparently dead man move. He was over to the bed in a flash, and, seizing Goukler by the shoulder, turned him carefully over on his back, the bed giving a horrible sound as the weight was moved. The cut throat gaped widely at this change of position, and Clark instinctively put his hand to the dying murderer's head to close the wound. As he did so Goukler's eyes opened with a frenzied stare. His lips parted and an appalling gurgle came from the severed windpipe. And then the two arms sprang frantically upward at Clark, as if they would tear him to pieces.

The officer, after his first start of a-fright, cried:

"Billy, what's the matter?"

The dying man's reply was another horrible gurgle and a second clutch at the speaker; after that he lay still. The wagon arrived shortly and the stretcher was brought to the room of death. The officers raised the still living body of the murderer from the bed and laid it on the stretcher. The motion stirred afresh the last remnants of vitality. Harsh tremors shook the dying man's frame; shoulders, arms and body twitched in a muscular convulsion, until he was so disposed on the stretcher that he could be taken down the stairs. Then he sighed once, heavily, and died.

The officers say that sight was the most horrible one they have witnessed in the performance of their duty and hope to have no more such experiences.

### HIS WIFE DANCED THE COOCHEE-COOCHEE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A staid citizen of St. Louis, Mo., was arrested in that city the other day, charged with beating his wife. He was taken to the police court, and there he made a remarkable statement. He said that when he came home the other night he found a jolly party in his house, celebrating. They had been drinking wine and were all about half full. As he opened the door he saw his wife and another woman dancing the coochee-coochee in what he said was a most disgusting manner. He said he didn't mind her drinking, but he did object to the dance. He admits that his rage at his wife's performance carried him to the extreme of chastising her with a club, but pointed, without any pride, to some bumps and cuts on his own head, as he said "and my wife is no slouch herself in a pugilistic way."

### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

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## DESERTED BY HER LOVER.

Then Maud Watson Took a Drink of Carbolic Acid.

## SHRIEKED "GOOD-BYE, JACK"

She Was Born in Society but She Fell By the Wayside of Life.

## TOOK THE DOWNWARD PATH.

This is a tragedy. The tragedy of Maud Watson, a woman of New Orleans, who had cast herself beyond the pale of decent society. She had lived her life rapidly and had tired of it quickly, and when she felt she had nothing more to live for she did as many another has done before her—she died. Such stories are told almost every day, but in this case there is a strain of sentiment and pathos which makes it a little different from the rest. And besides, she was not born for the streets. Her lot in life had been cast in much higher places. But she fell—just as others have fallen before her, and just as others will until the end of the world.

In the big entry book of a New Orleans hospital are written these lines: Maud Watson, age twenty-three, residence unknown; no friends; only possessions a small wedding ring, a gold bracelet and a latchkey; died from carbolic acid poisoning.

There doesn't seem to be much of a story in that, does there?

But there is.

The comedy began years ago when the woman, under another name, visited at the best houses in the Crescent City, and was made much of by the swell young men who live out their lives in idleness and luxury. Her love for one was the beginning of her downfall, for she loved him so madly that she refused him nothing that he asked. It isn't necessary to go into details, because people of sense understand just as well without them.

It will do to say that she made a trip abroad not long after she had known him, and when she returned home she had left behind her, in one of the European capitals, a bonnie black-eyed child, who was destined to be nameless and without father and mother.

When this girl came back she was reckless, and then she began to go down. It is always the way—either with cards or women. In order to play the game to win you must keep a level head. She lost her head and she lost the game.

She went down. It was gradual at first and easy—so easy she didn't notice it—and within one brief year she was as much of an outcast as though she had never been known.

A year of a life like that and the scenes were set for the tragedy. It began a few days ago. She and a man were sitting in the back room of a saloon on Canal street. The man was the same kind of a man who can be found in the back rooms of saloons in every city in the world. She was still young and still pretty—which was rather strange—and her black eyes and black hair told of her Creole blood. She hadn't the blush of innocence. That had departed when she took that voyage across the ocean. But her cheeks were red, nevertheless.

It was the man who was talking: "I've got to leave you, Alice. I'm going back home to Mobile."

"Please don't go this time, Jack," pleaded the girl. "Look how long we have been together, and how good I have tried to be to you. I couldn't go back to the room alone. It would kill me." She tried to take his hand.

"I must go," growled the man, jerking away. "Don't try to stop me; and mind, no nonsense, either, when I'm away," and he glared fiercely at the woman.

She looked stealthily a moment, and then said, very humbly:

"All right, Jack. Good-bye."

The man went away and the woman went roaming the streets. At 11 o'clock at night she was back again in the saloon back room with a crowd of the men and women who haunted the place.

"Let's have a drink!" she shouted; "let's all have a drink," and when the liquor was served she drank wildly, with every one else drunk, and at 1 o'clock in the morning, when the place was almost deserted, she was still drinking. The bartender was serving a drink to a woman at the bar when he heard her yell:

"Good-bye, Jack."

A moment later she stumbled out of the little back room.

"Gimme a drink. I took carbolic acid!" gasped the girl, as she fell into the arms of the nearest man. Then she was hastily removed to the hospital, and there she died, and that accounts for the entry in the book.

## HE LOVED TO HUG THE GIRLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The other night Special Officer Leighton, who lives on Fairmount street, Cambridge, Mass., heard a scream in front of his house. He ran out and found a young

girl, very much frightened, standing on the sidewalk. She said that a stranger had assaulted her and that he had run away. The officer crossed the street and arrested the man.

Later, a second girl said that the man had approached her, took her roughly by the arm and said that he desired to make her acquaintance. Very much frightened, she had hurried away from him. The man followed her some distance.

The man was booked upon the charge of drunkenness. In the morning the two girls entered the charge of assault.

He was fined \$25 and sent to jail.

## CHAS. ELLSWORTH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. Ellsworth has been blind since he was four years old. He is a marvelous checker player and has rarely met defeat. He has been studying the game for about eight years and to-day he is a master at it. He supports himself by giving exhibitions, and he is very well known to the public of the large cities. His permanent address is 73 West Ninetieth street, New York.

## CHAS. W. PURVIS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

When he has his entire mustache on his face, Charley Purvis is a fairly good-looking man. But he hasn't it all now, for one-half has been sacrificed to pay an election bet. Here is what a Kansas City newspaper says about him:

"Chas. W. Purvis, a West Ninth street caterer to the thrills of dry humanity, will this afternoon visit a barber shop and sacrifice one-half of his mustache to the razor as a penalty for backing his belief with his beard. The Purvis mustache at present is a glossy, glossy facial adornment of undeniable beauty. It is black. It curls at both ends.

"Mr. Purvis believed that Mr. Bryan would be elected

## SHARKEY WON ON A FOUL.

(Continued from Page 3.)

bank had been formally enjoined and would hold the money pending a court decision as to who was entitled to draw it.

Earp's appearance gave the interviewers a chance to get at him, and he sought refuge behind the following "card" which he gave out in lieu of a statement:

"Fitzsimmons deliberately fouled Sharkey; of that I am positive. Throughout the fight he had been using his elbow, in spite of my warning, and the knockout blow was delivered directly at the groin. I went into the ring intent on giving a fair decision, and when the sailor was put out by an unfair blow I could not do otherwise than award him the decision.

"I saw the foul struck as plainly as a man could see anything. Fitzsimmons hit Sharkey on the shoulder, and then struck him below the belt with a left uppercut. Sharkey was leaning over, and was felled by the blow. So palpable was the foul that I awarded the fight to Sharkey without a moment's hesitation.

"During the fight there were minor or half fouls which did no harm, and these I overlooked. While Sharkey seemed to be doing the most of this, Fitzsimmons was in reality gaining by the foul blows, but he was more clever, and the spectators could not detect him so readily. I should have given Sharkey the fight earlier in the contest, when Fitzsimmons cut his eye open with the point of his elbow.

"I was not influenced in any way to decide against Fitzsimmons. I was not acquainted with Sharkey until I entered the ring. While some of my best friends were the hottest backers of Fitzsimmons, I intended to do what was right, come what may, and did so.

WYATT EARP."

The above statement conflicts in every detail with every description of the proceeding which has been published, indicating very clearly that Mr. Earp did not closely observe preliminary blows which led up to the finale.

Sharkey was confined to his bed under the care of three physicians, Drs. B. B. Lee, D. F. Ragan and T. A. Rotanzi. They examined Sharkey and the result was

clear, his skin fresh and healthy and he looked as if he had never seen a prize ring. He said:

"I was robbed, that's all. I expected it, and I got it. I never fouled Sharkey at any stage of the fight, whereas he fouled me from the word go. I knocked him out as clean and fair as any one ever was knocked out. In that eighth round I had him gone and I uppercut him. He began to fall, and to finish him I let him have it here"—and Fitz planted his fist in the region of the dividing line between the chest and the stomach of a bystander. "As for the purse, if this club thinks all was not fair, let it go; give it all to Sharkey."

Far into night Martin Julian, Fitz's manager, sat in consultation with his attorney, Henry I. Kowalsky, and Managers Groom and Gibbs, of the National Club, to see what could be done to prevent the \$10,000 check from finding its way into the pockets of Sharkey. Julian and his attorney said to Groom that they had direct and positive evidence of fraud and conspiracy with respect to the referee and his decision, and would prove their charges in court. They engaged to take out injunction papers restraining the club from paying the money over until after proper legal investigation. Finally Messrs. Groom and Gibbs were induced to sign an order on the bank warning that institution not to honor the check when presented. Kowalsky was instructed to draw up the necessary papers and have them filed in court.

"We are ready to sign articles right now for another go," said Julian. "The same articles will do for us, but we'll have no more such referees. We'll have a man who is well known and respected in the community, and he shall be named by no club. Not much. He shall be named by our men themselves at the time of signing the articles, and his name inserted thereto.

"We were robbed last night. It was the worst steal I ever saw in my life. But I knew it and was prepared for it. Reliable sportsmen, men behind the scenes and in town, came to me as late as 8 o'clock last evening and told me the fight was fixed for Sharkey to win, and that Earp was the man put up to do the job. I protested, therefore, at the ringside; but what was the use? I thought afterwards that the crowd would shame Earp into acting on the level, so I agreed to go ahead.

"I have sent a telegram to Stuart accepting his offer of \$15,000 for a go with Corbett. I may tell you that it was because of our anxiety to meet Corbett that Sharkey lasted two rounds last night. Fitz could have put him out in the second round, but I would not let him. I was afraid he would hurt his hands, and I remembered that he had to meet Corbett pretty soon, so I held him back.

"Bob will fight Corbett and Sharkey in the same ring and lock them both. That goes. Stuart can fix it if he wants to."

Corbett replied to the above in public from the stage of the Grand Opera House, in New York, where he was playing in "A Naval Cadet." Between the acts the pugilist came before the curtain and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Last night Mr. Fitzsimmons and Mr. Sharkey had a contest in San Francisco, and I expected that Fitzsimmons would win in short order; but, to my surprise, he didn't. I don't wish to express any opinion as to the outcome of the contest or of the decision of the referee. I will say this, however, that I stand ready to meet either Fitzsimmons or Sharkey—first come, first served—two weeks after papers are signed, and at any place on earth, because I want it settled first and for all time, who is the best man in the world."

Seen in his dressing-room later Corbett said: "I feel all right and two weeks' notice is sufficient for me after signing papers."

Asked as to the chances of bringing off a fight between himself and Fitzsimmons in New York city, he said: "There is no probability of our boxing in New York. I do not wish to interfere with the lesser lights who have clubs organized and running. But I will be willing to fight any man in the world at any time and at any place two weeks after articles are signed."

## WHAT A LITTLE MOUSE DID.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

It was only a little inoffensive mouse running about the Harlem Opera House and having a jolly good time while the performance was on. But it monkeyed with a woman's leg. The woman gave a hasty glance downward and then shrieked:

"The mouse! The mouse! Good heavens, here's a mouse!"

Then some idiot yelled fire and there was almost a panic. Miss Nellie McHenry who was on the stage, promptly began to make a quieting speech, and matters cooled down. The woman who discovered the mouse had fainted, and the wretch of a mouse was trampled to death.

## "SHOCKING!" THEY CRIED.

A certain society of Jersey City, N. J., has been engaged since last week in trying to mollify the wives of the members and persuade them that "it's all right."

One night the society gave an entertainment.

On the programme were many nice features which the women folks in the audience applauded loudly.

Two alleged sisters were also on the programme. They wore splendid blonde hair and made no secret of their exquisite figures.

"My!" gasped the audience.

When the gay sisters began kicking, the word "shocking" was heard from every part of the hall.

But this was only the "entree."

The real "roast" came when the sisters did the Streets of Cairo dance.

The women in the audience nearly fainted.

When they recovered their presence of mind they hissed long and loud—much to the amusement of the Russell sisters, who showed their appreciation by standing on their heads.

This nearly drove the audience into spasms and it was long after the curtain was rung down before the hubbub of adverse comment ceased.

## IN SATAN'S GRASP.

"The Devil's Compact," No. 3, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Graphically illustrated. Price, 50 cents, from this office. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.



CARBOLIC ACID FOR HER.

How a Nymph Cured All Her Troubles in One Drink.

President of these United States. He put up his coin to that effect. When J. A. Chapman, an old-time printer, offered to bet one-half of his mustache against a similar amount of the Purvis mustache, the offer was snapped up and a money deposit was made with Attorney E. F. Allen, which was to be forfeited to the winner in case the loser should fail to keep his agreement. One-half of the upper lip must be kept clean shaven for seven successive days.

"Mr. Purvis lives with his wife and family at 4141 East Fifteenth street, but he will not see them until next Monday night. He has engaged a room over his place of business, where he will sleep. He will sacrifice the left side of his mustache, as in entering his place from Ninth street the remaining half will be curled toward the door."

## FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES.

The following, which was written by a bright young man, is interesting from the fact that it includes the name of every book in the Fox's Sensational Series.

"A Modern Siren" in "A Pursuit of Pleasure" played a game of "Baccarat" with the "Demi-Monde of Paris." This being "A Rolling Passion" with her, she became "An Unfaithful Wife" through the influence of "A Guilty Love" for "A Parisian Sultana" who was a regular "She Devil," for she was neither "Mistress or Wife" but shared "The Fate of a Libertine," which was indeed "A Fatal Sin."

This "Woman and Her Lovers" were "Pauline's Caprice," and she knew at the time they were the "Devil's Compact," but being infatuated with her, she for "Love's Sacrifice" allowed herself to be "Ruined by a Faithless Woman" who knew "Her Love Would Be Her Ruin," and there you have the tale of "Woman's Wickedness."

## THE PAGE THAT KILLS.

"The Fate of a Libertine," by Emile Zola, the author of "Nana," No. 2 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 96 original and piquant illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, the Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

the following statement, made by Dr. Ragan in Sharkey's presence, the other two doctors acquiescing:

"Sharkey has a gash over the left eye, which could not have been caused by a blow from a glove, as the eye is not closed, also a swelling on the left cheek, to which we applied a leech. The left ear is swollen from extravasation, or blood-settling under the surface. There is not a bruise or a mark on the upper part of the body, save a slight abrasion of the skin, caused by contact with the ropes in the fifth round, and which is of no consequence whatever.

"There is a huge swelling on the lower part of the body, near the groin. There is a discoloration in one spot, showing where the blow landed. This, Sharkey has explained, was caused by Fitzsimmons hooking him with his elbow. The swelling is the same as in the ear, caused by extravasation, and will require leeches to subdue.

"There is no permanent injury, but Sharkey could never have entered the ring nor stood on his feet had he been in his present condition. It will be several days before Sharkey can leave his bed."

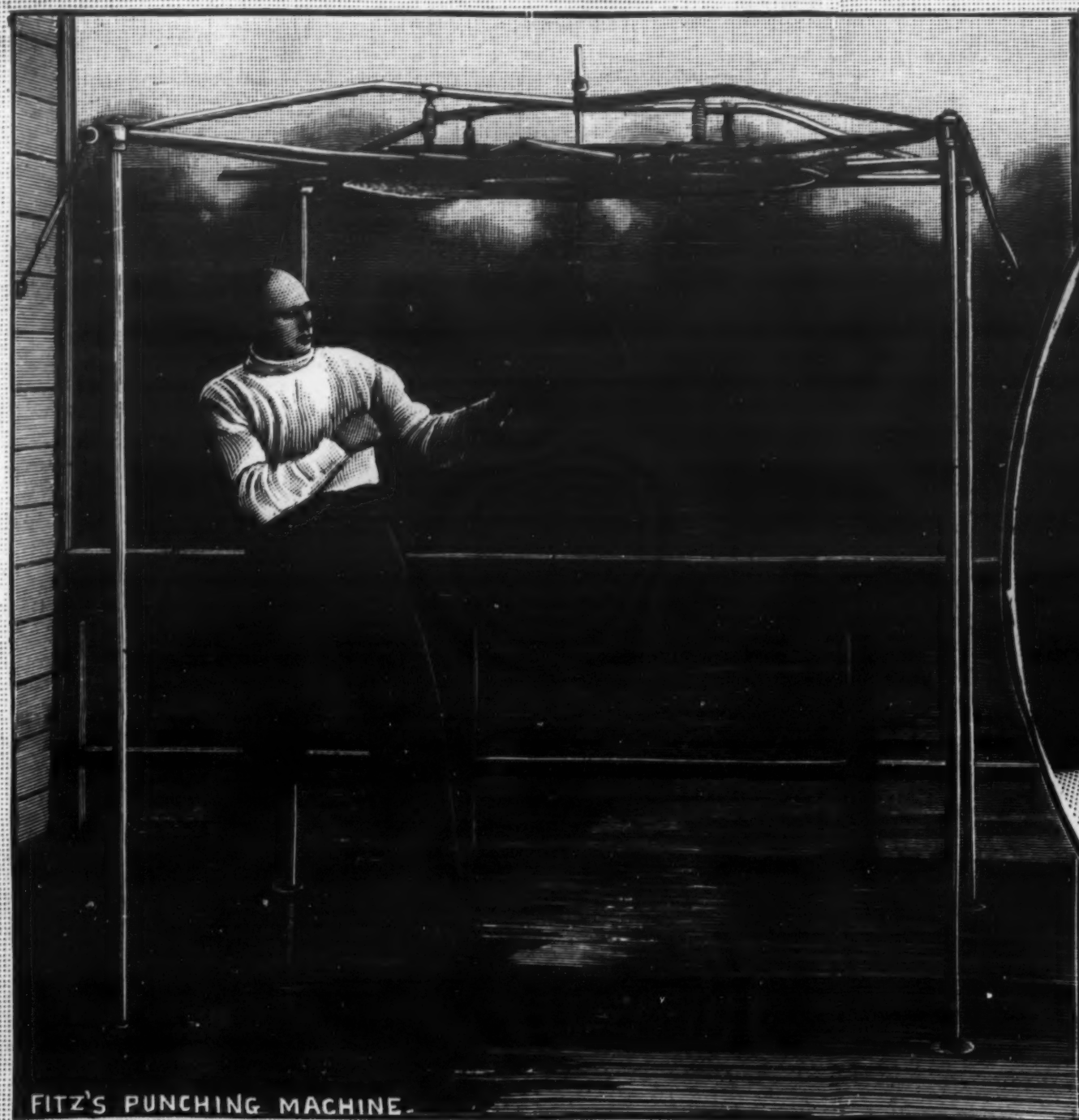
Dr. Lustig, who examined Sharkey and Fitzsimmons before the fight, and pronounced them fit to battle for a kingdom, does not agree with his fellow-practitioners who declare that Sharkey's injury was received no earlier than the night of the fight.

"When I examined Sharkey to-day there was no showing of bruise in the spot affected," said he. "There was a slight swelling, which might have been caused, however, by accident previous to the fight—even a week ago. In my opinion there was nothing to prove the contention that this injury must have resulted from a blow. It might have been caused by a strain.

"I do not say that this injury was not received last night, but that Sharkey might have entered the ring in the condition in which he was found after the contest. I am not certain that an injury such as Sharkey suffered would disable a man."

Fitzsimmons and Julian were the recipients of much sympathy. The former was dancing around the office of Baldwin Hotel at 6:30 in the morning like an emancipated schoolboy. His eyes were bright and





FITZ'S PUNCHING MACHINE.



SHARKEY TRAINING QUARTERS



## SHARKEY GIVEN THE SIC

REFEREE WYATT EARP BASES HIS VERDICT UPON THE ALL FAC  
THE GROIN, BEFORE THE LATTER WAS KNOCK OUT--

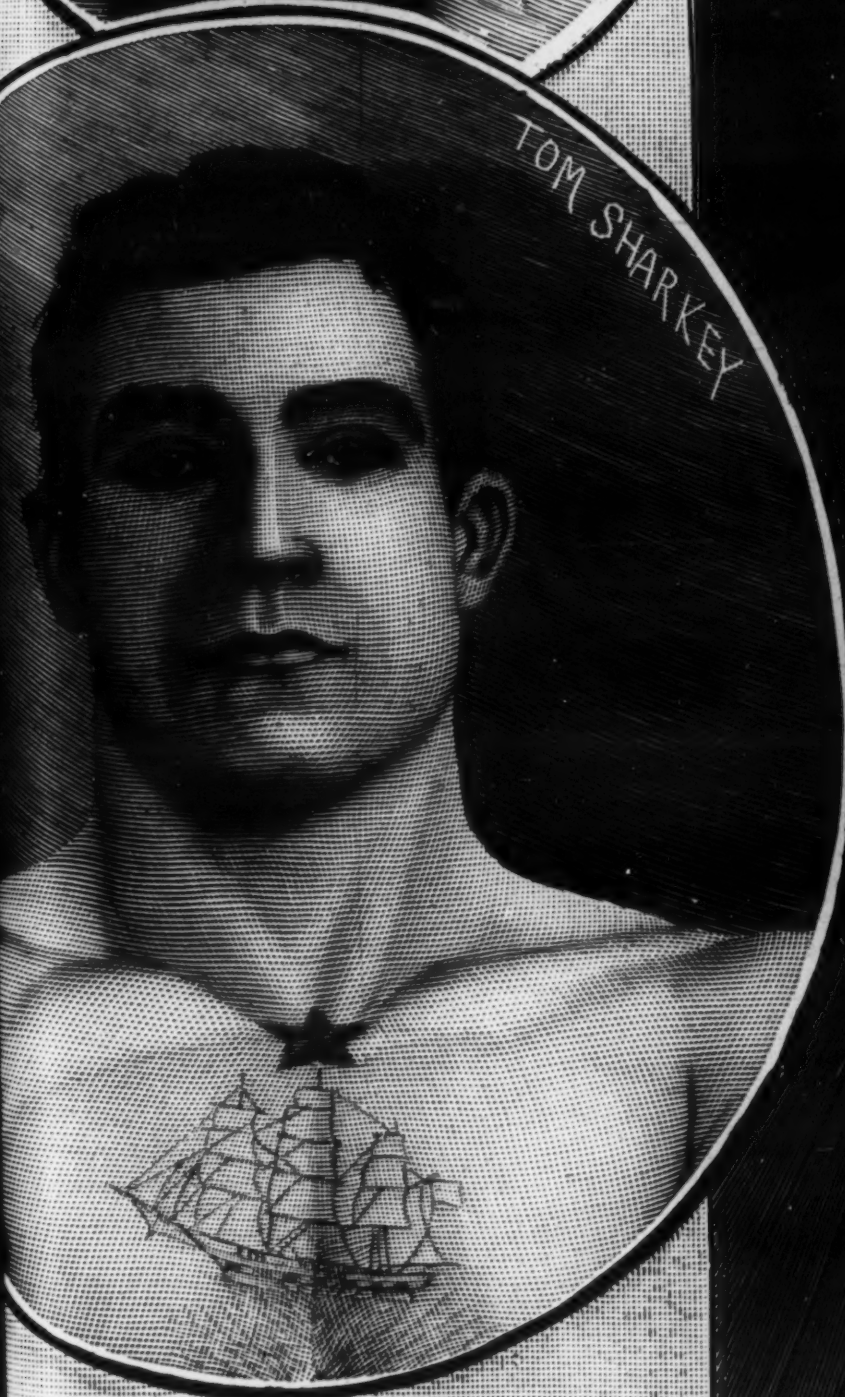




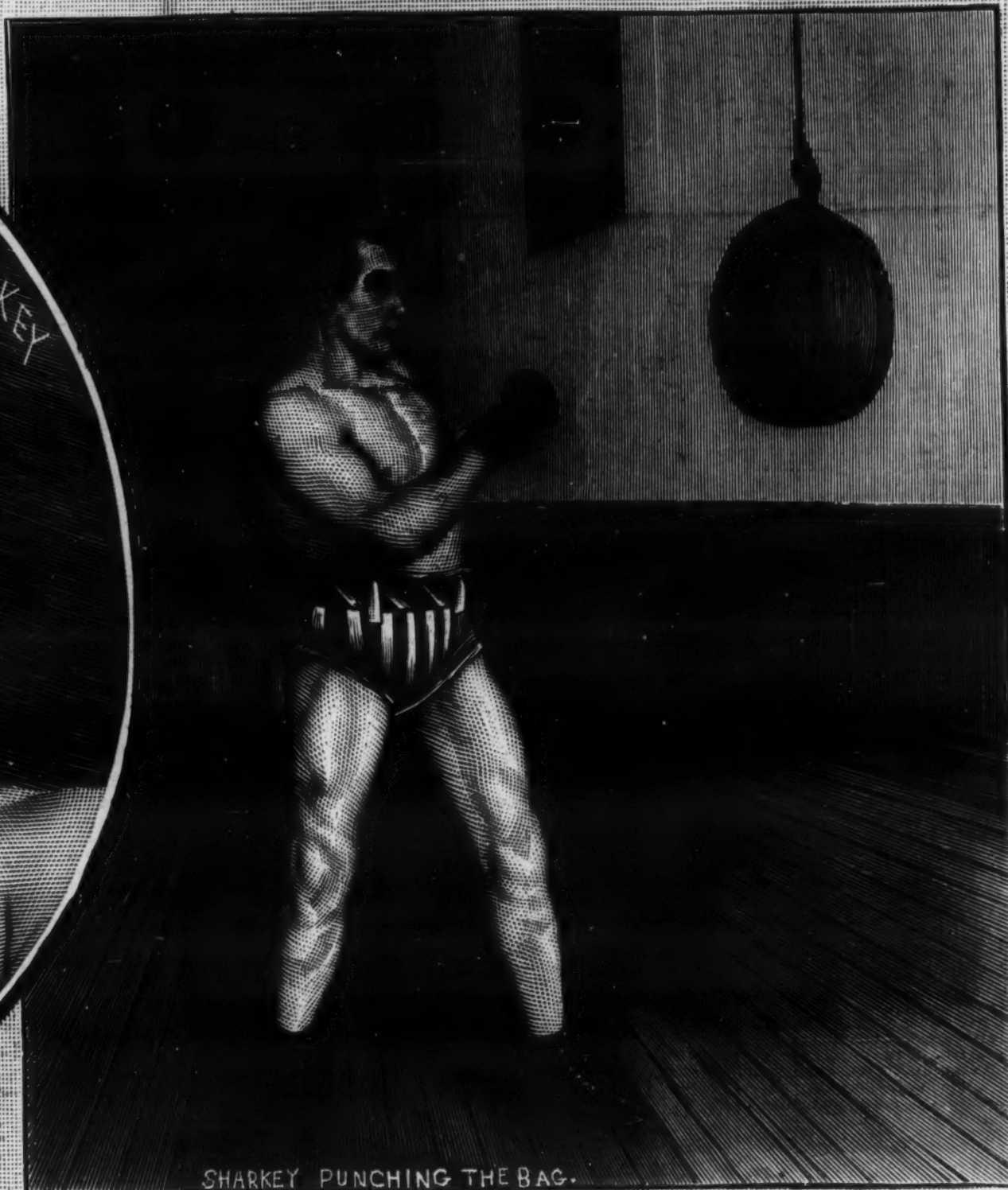
FITZ'S TRAINING QUARTERS SAUSALITO, CAL.



J.J. GROOM



TOM SHARKEY



SHARKEY PUNCHING THE BAG.

## SION ON A FOUL.

ALL FACT THAT BOB FITZSIMMONS STRUCK THE SAILOR IN  
OCT--SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DECEMBER 2ND.



## AUSTIN'S FISTIC BUDGET.

Fitz Seems to Have Gone  
Against a Hard Game.

THERE ARE A FEW OTHERS.

Opinions of Leading Sporting Writers  
Upon the Dixon-Erne Decision.

SOME OTHER GOSSIP OF INTEREST.

Ignoring the merits of Referee Wyatt Earp's decision, Sailor Tom Sharkey will gain little glory out of his victory over Bob Fitzsimmons save that accorded to a brave man who fought a good fight in the face of seeming defeat. He gained the decision and the substantial monetary reward, it is true, but with all he is compelled to share with the referee the disapprobation of the public which refuses to be convinced that there was not something decidedly "yellow" about the whole proceeding. Fitzsimmons deserves the sympathy of the entire community. His victory was an unequivocal one. There are no conflicting descriptions of the battle which give Sharkey the credit of being anything but a beaten man. He fought a game fight, took his punishment like a hero and had the fight continued through the prescribed number of rounds, with honors even for the remaining two, he would have been declared the loser, and from what I've seen of him would have accepted his defeat gracefully at the hands of a better man.

But the expectations of those who wanted to see the issue decided in a manner which would leave no doubt regarding the respective merits of the two men were curtailed by an unforeseen, unexpected happening. A blow was struck, the man who, to all intent and purpose, was already defeated sank in a helpless mass to the floor of the stage, in his semi-consciousness clanking at his stomach as if in great agony.

It is the fairness, or unfairness, of that blow which opens an avenue to discussion. The referee, who was in the ring, close beside the men and in a position to see precisely every move that was made, said Fitzsimmons struck his opponent a foul blow in the groin; as an afterthought, he said it was done with the knee. The people who sat closest to the ring, and therefore were able to see every blow struck, are divided in opinion. The majority say the blow was delivered with the left fist in the pit of the stomach, others say it was the left fist but delivered below the line, and still others uphold the referee and say it was done with the knee. They all agree upon one point, however—a left hook on the jaw brought Sharkey to the floor and practically ended the fight, whether from the force of the blow or the concussion when his head struck the floor.

Between the three opinions quoted there is little to choose. Personally, I am of the opinion that the whole thing was done with a left straight lead and a left hook follow, which is a favorite combination with the Australian. If the referee happened to be on Fitzsimmons' right side, it would be difficult for him to see the first punch, especially if the men were at close quarters. If Fitzsimmons drove this full and hard into Sharkey's stomach, a natural movement on the latter's part would be to double up and put his hands there. This is the act upon which the referee doubtless based his opinion that Fitzsimmons struck foul. The latter's quick delivery of the hook punch which followed would have had a tendency to add to the illusion that it was the only blow struck, and also that the hurt sustained by Sharkey must have been caused by Fitzsimmons raising his knee an instant before delivering the final punch. These mooted points will never be determined, but the fact remains that Sharkey was awarded the honors of victory, though knocked out in every sense of the word, while Fitzsimmons, without a mark upon his body, admittedly the better man and the conqueror, in the judgment of everyone who witnessed the battle, is adjudged the loser upon a technicality—an accident, take it at its worst.

Fitz made a great fight throughout it all; he did what Corbett failed to do—he kept off the mad rushes of Sharkey and was not injured by a single blow. It was a superb exhibition of the power of a scientific pugilist to render null and void all the brute strength of an unusually powerful man. Even Sharkey's friends and backers admit that he was fairly and clearly whipped.

A lot of talk has been occasioned by the utterances of Fitzsimmons and Julian to the effect that they were aware that a "job" had been fixed up for Sharkey to get the verdict even if he were knocked out. These statements involve a man's honesty and for this reason the subject requires deft and delicate treatment. You can't accuse a man of being a thief on mere inferential belief, unsupported and uncorroborated. If Fitzsimmons had any information which warranted a doubt about his being fairly treated he had the alternative of refusing to fight until the club selected an official who was satisfactory to him. After once filing an objection he did a foolish thing to recede from the position he took. The mere act on Julian's part of announcing his disbelief in the fairness of the referee was sufficient to excite a prejudice on Mr. Karp's part. It would not have been consistent with human nature for him to have had anything but a feeling of enmity toward the man who raised a question about the honesty of his intentions.

The suspicious part of the whole affair is involved in Karp's refusing to withdraw at this time. It would have been many of him to have said in the midst of the discussion: "Gentlemen, under the circumstances I cannot see my way clear to act in this matter with fairness and impartiality, and beg to withdraw."

His act would have been applauded and commended, but when he persisted in sticking in the face of out-poken objections pointedly directed at him, it is apparent that he was there for one or two things, either to gratify his personal vanity or to protect the interest of his friends, to put it mildly.

But there are other referees.

I have myself been the recipient of more or less of a "boasting" during the past week because of the decision which I rendered on the result of the twenty-round contest between George Dixon and Frank Erne. As to the justice or injustice of the sentiments publicly and privately expressed, I leave others to judge, reserving for myself the consolation that I acted conscientiously and without prejudice in giving a decision that to my mind was fair, and governed impartially by what transpired in the ring.

I rejoice in the fact that my opinion upon the merits of the encounter is shared by the majority of the gentlemen who wrote the descriptions of the fight for the New York city newspapers. Being eye-witnesses of the affair, and accredited with possessing more than an average amount of knowledge upon the subject, and the ability to express their views intelligently, their opinions deserve respectful consideration, and I take pleasure in quoting briefly from them:

Mr. Debbins, of the United Press, had the following to say in his comments: "Frank Erne, the clever featherweight from Buffalo, went up several rungs in the ladder of pugilistic fame by outpointing George Dixon, the famous colored champion, in their 20-round encounter. The decision was received with applause, but there were many who thought that the result should have been a draw. The referee, however, considered that Erne had outpointed his dusky opponent with a good deal to spare. It was a fast and splendid battle from start to finish. Dixon commenced hostilities with his usual whirlwind rushes, but in Erne he found his match. The Buffalo boy stopped the colored cyclone with straight left jabs in the face. Dixon did nearly all the leading, but with the exception of a series of rights on the body was invariably stopped and countered, and in

addition, when Erne took a hand in the leading, he smashed the hitherto invincible colored boy without ceremony.

"There is no doubt that in Erne Dixon has found his match. The Buffalo boy has improved immensely since his meeting with Dixon at the New Manhattan A. C. a year ago, on which occasion they fought a draw. Then Erne was on the long range defensive through out, but to-night he mixed things up with George at close quarters and showed a big improvement in hitting powers.

"Beyond the red and raw epidermis on his ribs the Buffalo boy showed none the worse for the encounter at the finish and was, if anything, a trifle fresher than Dixon."

Joe Vila, of the New York "Sun," wrote: "Erne showed remarkable cleverness, and proved the hardest man that Dixon ever faced. \* \* \* Erne deserves credit for putting up the fastest aggressive work of any pugilist that has met the champion, not barring Tommy White, of Chicago. He stood up to Dixon's fierce rushes like a man and was not afraid to mix things. At in fighting he was perhaps a bit superior, but at long range he was clearly outclassed. In defensive tactics, Erne showed all the skill of a real ring general, and throughout the encounter he never lost his head, keeping well within himself and taking no chances. Dixon was in reasonably good condition, but he did not fight as in days gone by. His tactics were the same that he has used in all of his battles, rushing with double swings for the body or jaw. He did little or no straight jabbing, leaving that method of attack to his antagonist. He paid more attention to the short ribs and wind than to the vital spot on the jaw. Dixon has undoubtedly gone back in strength, for Erne was able to stop his rushes with hard clinches and straight lefts that almost always landed on the face."

Eugene Comiskey, the writer on pugilism for the Morning Journal, said:

"Erne defeated Dixon in twenty rounds of the prettiest and cleverest kind of fighting ever seen in this vicinity.

"It was a clever fight from the very start to the finish, and Erne impressed the spectators as a winner after the very first round. Dixon appeared drawn too fine, while Erne was very strong at every stage of the contest.

"Dixon was badly used up. Both eyes were almost closed and he had two gashes under his left eye, while his nose and ear were all puffed.

"Erne, on the other hand, did not bear a mark or a bruise and retired from the ring almost as fresh as when he entered it. The decision was undoubtedly a popular one."

John Boden, sporting editor of the New York Press, in expressing his opinion subsequently said:

"Dixon was on his feet at the finish, and was able to go on, but in the opinion of Sam Austin, the referee, Erne had done the better

George Dixon has set, temporarily at least. The featherweight champion of the world was beaten by Frank Erne, of Buffalo. Dixon was not knocked out. Neither was there any knockdown during the entire battle of twenty rounds. Dixon showed his old-time aggressiveness from the start, but he was not the springing wildcat of other days. It was the old story of the pitcher going to the well once too often. George Dixon in his day has probably knocked out more fighters and would-be fighters than any man living. In the opinion of most of the sporting men who saw his fight with Erne he has gone his limit and has fallen back into the luck.

"He was certainly not the wonder of old. This, however, detracts in no way from the victory of Erne. Dixon did most of the leading even to the finish, but his blows were ineffectual, and not once during the entire twenty rounds did he land on Erne's neck with his right.

"The Buffalo man gave him punch for punch until the end, and in the last four rounds all Dixon's force was expended. He had shot his bolt. On the contrary, Erne was good and strong to the finish, and had the battle gone ten rounds further, he would have emphasized his lead, round by round, to the end."

The referee of a limited round boxing bout

may be summed up as a man who starts out with the avowed intention of satisfying everybody, winds up by satisfying nobody, and, figuratively, gets a kick for his pains.

The question of Corbett and Fitzsimmons

boxing in New York is being eagerly discussed. Legal lights like Frederic Coult, William F. Howe, Frederick B. House and E. M. Friend, are of the opinion that the men cannot be prevented from meeting, but that the police could be present in order to prevent brutality. Police Commissioner Roosevelt says, if the men appear, the police will be there in order to see that there is no violation of the law, and Deputy Chief of Police Cortright said no infraction of the law would be permitted. Tom O'Rourke, of the Broadway Athletic Club, who is endeavoring to get the men to spar there, says that he has not offered a purse, but simply a percentage of the receipts, for an exhibition. "I make the same offer that theatrical managers do, and no law will be broken," he added.

Does boxing pay in the East? is an interest-

ing question. Maher and Chynski, so far as outsiders know, boxed to a shade under \$10,000, while they should have boxed to \$25,000. Lavigne and Everhardt apparently boxed to \$4,500; Smith and Ryan to less than \$4,000; Slavin and Armstrong proved to be a frost, boxing to less than \$500, as did Leon and Sullivan. The Gotham Athletic Club Baker-Strom opening was disastrous, and the South Brooklyn Athletic Club has yet to hold two consecutive winning shows. Another question arises: Is there too much boxing?



J. Wheaton Leonard, Known to All Baseball Men On the Pacific Coast.

work, and he declared him the winner. His decision has been criticized freely and harshly. Mr. Austin in all probability was prepared for such criticism.

"Where two men are on their feet and able to go on at the end of a limited round contest there always will be a difference of opinion. This quite natural antagonism was accentuated in the Erne-Dixon case by the fact that the latter was the champion of his class, and has an exceedingly large number of admirers. Many of them bet upon him. Every one of them was disappointed because a decision against him was given in a contest which was not to his finish.

"The fact that the decision was given in a limited round contest and while Dixon was on his feet and able to proceed is responsible for much of the criticism to which Mr. Austin has been subjected. But the referee was there to give a decision—to pick a winner if he could. It was not his business to consider that Dixon was the champion of the class. At his hands Dixon was entitled to no more consideration than Erne. If, in his opinion, Erne did the better work in the twenty rounds in which the contest lasted, it was his duty to decide in Erne's favor. What was he to do—admit Erne's superior work, but decide the contest a draw, giving as a reason that he did not like to decide against the champion simply because he was the champion? That would have been an injustice to Erne, and Sam Austin could not be guilty of doing an injustice to anybody.

"In the opinion of the writer the decision was a good one."

Howard Hackett, who is known all over the country as the fearless and impartial critic of the New York World, wrote: "George Dixon, for years looked upon by the entire sporting world as the greatest fighter of his weight and inches in the world, was defeated in a 20-round contest by Frank Erne, of Buffalo. The decision was a popular one, but many impartial critics freely declared that Mr. Austin would have covered himself with glory by declaring the bout a draw. So far as straight punching and clean hits were concerned, the decision was well merited. To be sure, Dixon was the aggressor during the good part of the engagement, but his wild swings were in very many instances cleverly stopped by Erne. The Boston boy did not display his old time form to great advantage."

Finally Langdon Smith, who has reported every fistic event in the country during the past decade for the New York Herald, had this to say in his article: "The fistic star of

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to the eighteenth round when Everhardt landed his left on Ernest's mouth, Billy upercutting Everhardt with his right on the chin. Then Everhardt swung his right on Ernest's jaw, staggering him, and followed it up with two more rights on the same spot, which put Ernest in queer street.

Ernest managed to recover quickly, and swung his right on Everhardt's ear as the bell rang. In the twentieth and last round Everhardt rushed at Ernest, landing his left on his face. They exchanged lefts on the face. Everhardt then swung his right on Ernest's jaw, making him groggy, and a moment later he swung his right on the same spot, dropping him to the floor. Ernest staggered to his feet, but Everhardt rushed at him, and landed his left and right on Billy's nose, and finally dropped him again with a right on the jaw.

Ernest lay on the floor helpless, and Referee Eckhardt then stopped the bout, and declared Everhardt the winner. Time of round, two minutes and four seconds. It was one of the best lightweight contests ever witnessed in this country.

As soon as the contest was over Jack Hermann, of the Union Park Athletic Club, offered both boxers a good-sized purse to box twenty rounds at his club, and they both accepted.

JEM MACE AND MIKE DONOVAN.

The Two Past-Masters of Pugilism to Meet in a Friendly Encounter.

Old-time patrons of the ring are reveling in anticipation of a treat when those two past-masters of the art of boxing, Jem Mace, the grand old man of pugilism, and Prof. Mike Donovan, the former champion middleweight of the world, meet in a 10-round encounter for scientific points at the Broadway Athletic Club, on Dec. 14. Mace arrived from England the other day, and after a few days' sojourn in the metropolis, meeting old friends and wearing his sea legs off, he betook himself to Joe Little's place at Oceanic, N. J., to get in readiness for the affair.

Mace's appearance in the metropolis occasioned a lot of interest, and the papers were filled with his doings and sayings. It was at the Gilsey House that the Police Gazette representative saw Mace. At Mr. Al Smith's suggestion he willingly submitted to a physical examination. The old man's physique seemed to be in a very healthy and sound condition, considering the fact that he has fought more than one hundred and fifty battles. His muscles were as firm and hard apparently as ever. As a sport exclaimed, "Why, Jem, you look like a young fellow from the waist up." The truth of this criticism was apparent to everybody who saw the fine physical development of the man. His chest is well developed, as are his back and shoulders. His legs, too, are firm and powerful, but not so nimble as in the days gone by. The only feature which did not please the sporting men were Mace's hands. They are in rather bad shape, due, no doubt, to the fact that the majority of his fights were with bare knuckles. On the back of both hands the skin is drawn, and two big lumps stand out prominently, showing that some of the bones have been broken. A novice sporting man who witnessed the examination of the veteran asked him the cause of the disfigurement to the back of his hands. Mace's reply was, "Punching other fellows' heads."

The meeting between Mace and Donovan promises to be one of the biggest things that has ever taken place in the history of fistic sport. There will be a reunion of all the old-timers. Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers will fight again their battles of earlier days; Barney Aaron and Dooney Harris, old-timers in truth, will set to; Patsy Shepard, Steve Taylor and others will appear, while of the men of later day prominence who will lead lustre to the occasion may be mentioned John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Peter Maher, Tommy Ryan, George Dixon and all the champions will be there.

Mr. Al Smith, who conceived the affair, is hugging himself with joy at the prospect of seeing a fruition of his hopes. Through his personal influence all the leading sporting men of New York have become interested in the affair, and when Mace and Donovan enter the ring they will be greeted by the most representative gathering of prominent men ever brought together to witness an event of this character.

KNICKERBOCKER SPORTS.

In the Swimming Tournay S. B. French, Scratch Man, Easily Lands the First Honors.

It was Ladies' Day at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, New York, Dec. 24. The entertainment arranged for the fair friends of the Cherry Diamond organization by Manager Harry Corush took the form of a gymnastic and swimming exhibition, with a little boxing thrown in to vary the proceedings.

James McCartney and G. A. Salmon gave a fine exhibition of tumbling, and N. B. De Young showed his strength to good advantage on the flying rings. S. K. Thomas and G. A. Salmon did an exceedingly clever trapeze act. Prof. Tommy White, the club's boxing instructor, and Arthur V. Collins wound up the gymnastic portion of the entertainment with a three-round boxing bout. In the last round Tommy let loose a few of the straight right and left-hand jabs, of which he has a goodly supply, as samples for future possible pupils.

Three of the competitions were the final events in an all-around swimming tournament which has been contested by several of the members. The participants were handicapped, but the handicap was sealed until the completion of each event.

The 200-foot hurdle race, the diving competition and the 300-yard race were all won by S. B. French, who was scratch man in each event. He got 15 points, which with those scored on Nov. 12 and 19 gave Mr. French a total of 28, as against E. S. Goldstein (scratch) with 15, and M. Metzler (6 seconds) with 12.

A match race at 100 yards between Messrs. Roe and Johnson was hotly contested, and was won by Johnson by a small margin in 1 minute 16 3/5 seconds.

JOHNSON, BALD AND COOPER.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

The cycle racing fraternity of America is fortunate in having among its members a trio of such famous riders as John S. Johnson, Eddie Bald and Tom Cooper. During the season that is just drawing to a close these men have been slaughtering records so fast and frequent that there is hardly one of a year ago in existence to day. The "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," which is now being compiled, will contain a full and complete table of the records which these men have made on the cycle path.

J. WHEATON LEONARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. J. Wheaton Leonard is the captain and manager of the San Francisco Baseball Club, which is now leading in the California Baseball League series. Mr. Leonard is a conspicuous figure in Pacific coast baseball affairs. He is a good player and is gifted with fine executive ability.

FISTIC NOTES.

The certificate of incorporation of the International A. C., of New York, has been filed in the office of the County Clerk. The object of this club is the promotion of athletics and the giving of sparring exhibitions.

Dick Moore, of St. Paul, was given the decision over Abe Ullman, of Baltimore, in a well contested twenty round bout before the Eureka Athletic Club, of Baltimore, recently. Both men fought very hard, but Moore's fast work in the last two rounds caused the referee to give him the verdict on points.

There was a goodly number of lovers of pugilistic encounters at the ring-side of the Bohemian Sporting Club last Tuesday night to witness the club's weekly boxing entertainment, which comprised four bouts. Jim Pine and John Fox, both of New York, fought a draw. Benny Leon got the decision over Moke Streeton, and "Pepper" Griffin, colored, of Philadelphia, defeated Harry Peterson in two rounds.

SPORTING AUTHORITIES.

"Cockers' Guide," "Dog Pitt," "New Police Gazette Bar-tender's Guide," "Card Players' Book of Rules," "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," all thoroughly illustrated. Price 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.



## IN FISTIANA'S REALM.

Events of Passing Interest That Merit Criticism.

## TRACEY AND RYAN DRAW.

Lavigne and McKeever Matched for Twenty Rounds on Broadway.

## WILL CRAIG FIGHT CREEDON?

An English paper says that boxing matches, to draw well in that country, should be international or the contestants should be home men of different sections.

Dave Hannigan, who came from Pittsburg with Peter Maher, and recently whipped Young Cook of Brooklyn, is looking for a go with any of the 118-pounders.

In all probability a match will shortly be arranged between Billy Hennessy and Paddy Purcell. The former has already agreed, but Purcell is yet to be heard from.

Danny Needham, Tom Sharkey's trainer, has been matched to box George Green (Young Corbett) at San Francisco on Dec. 18. The pair will come together for ten rounds.

Parson Davies expects to induce Tom Sharkey to meet Joe Chynski. Davies has received assurances from several clubs at 'Frisco stating that they would offer a good purse for such a mill.

Tommy Barry, who hails from Birmingham, Ala., and says that he is the champion featherweight of the South, is in Rochester, where he has offered to concede weight against Tom Dixon.

Some New York sporting men say that the offer of the Bohemian Club to get Corbett and Fitzsimmons to fight before it is merely an advertising scheme, put forward to increase the membership. The fee is \$100.

Henry Baker, of Chicago, expects to go to San Francisco after he takes a rest. Baker claims that he was sick when he fought Charley Strong and could not do himself justice. He would like to meet Strong or Dan Creedon again, he says.

A match has been arranged between Bob Armstrong, 'Parson' Davies' colored heavyweight, and Charley Strong, of Newark, also colored. No date has been selected, but the men will box twenty rounds before the club giving the most money.

There is an effort being made by some sporting men of Evansville, Ind., to secure the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. If it should succeed, the fight will be under the management of Dan Stuart, with whom the local men are now in correspondence.

Negotiations are pending between Ben Falk, manager of the Golden West A. C., of San Francisco, and the manager of Craig known as the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," for a match with Dan Creedon. Craig was at one time champion middleweight of England.

A match has been arranged between Casper Leon and Prof. Jack Lynch of Philadelphia. The boys are to come together in a 20-round contest for a good sized purse, which has been offered them by the Toronto Rowing Club of Toronto. The bout is to be pulled off on Dec. 12.

Joe Gans, the clever colored Baltimore boxer, accompanied by his manager, Al Herford and Jack Ward, have started for San Francisco. Gans has been matched to box Dal Hawkins, who came East with Jim Corbett, and Ward will face Jimmy Anthony, of Australia. Both bouts have been fixed for Dec. 12, at 'Frisco.

Dan Creedon and Dick O'Brien are matched to box twenty rounds on Dec. 11, at the Broadway A. C., New York. Creedon is at Oceanic, N. J., and O'Brien will do his preparatory work at Coney Island. This event will be for the middleweight championship of America, and the winner will be matched against Kid McCoy when the latter returns.

Paddy McGrath, the affable young trainer who helped prepare Sharkey for his bout with Corbett, is proving his usefulness to the boxers of the East. He supervised Mysterious Billy Smith's training for his late fight with Tommy Ryan, and is now looking after Paddy Purcell. He has a training establishment and boxers' rendezvous at College Point, L. I.

If Maher and Sharkey will not fight for a \$10,000 purse, what conclusion is to be drawn? If Fitzsimmons will not fight Corbett for \$25,000, what is Fitz trying to celebrate? If Peter Jackson will not fight Peter Maher or any other big fellow, where does Peter properly class? If Corbett will not fight Maher for \$15,000, where does Maher come in?

Kid Lavigne and Charlie McKeever, of Philadelphia, are matched to meet in the Marlborough A. C. on Dec. 23. The fact that the men are to meet at 140 pounds, weigh in at the ring-side, is something strange for Fitzpatrick, manager for Lavigne. He has always said that he would not let Lavigne meet anyone except at 135 or 138 pounds. McKeever is to cover Lavigne's forfeit of \$500.

Tom O'Rourke is not at all satisfied with Dixon's defeat at the hands of Frank Erne, and the other day called on Jim Kennedy, the manager for Erne, with the hope of getting on a return match for Dixon with Erne. Kennedy was not present, however, and O'Rourke will try to see him again. O'Rourke says he is ready to offer a purse or percentage of the gate receipts for another contest between Dixon and Erne.

Although there are many athletic clubs in New York city pulling off boxing shows, there are new ones being incorporated every day. The latest to be heard from is the Tattersall Athletic Club, which is located at Fifth street and Broadway. A number of well-known men are connected with it. Joe Yendis will be the matchmaker of the new club. The club's first show will probably be given the latter part of January.

Judge Tighe has made an offer of \$2,000 for the lease of the old Thirteenth Regiment armory, in Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn. He desires to turn the building into an arena for athletic exhibitions. It is said that the club at Maspeth is not a paying investment, the entertainment of Nov. 26 leaving the stockholders \$1,800 out of pocket. The Maspeth club will therefore transfer its home to the old armory should Tighe succeed in obtaining a lease.

Tom Tracey, the Australian welterweight, and Jimmy Ryan, of Cincinnati, fought ten rounds to a draw in San Francisco on Dec. 1, under the direction of the Golden West A. C., before 2,500 people. Tracey weighed at 142 pounds and Ryan 143. It was one of the cleverest fights ever seen in San Francisco, both men doing good work in open fighting with a notable absence of clinches. While Tracey did nearly all the leading, Ryan proved to be a splendid defensive fighter.

Lon Agnew, a lightweight, writing from San Francisco, says: "There was some talk that the lightweight ten-round battle which took place between Jimmie Carroll and Jack McAuliffe was not on the level, but in my opinion there was nothing in it that way. It was a good, clever bout. What made it look a trifle suspicious was the fact that both Carroll and McAuliffe grew tired with their fast work after about the fifth round, and it became a bit slow, naturally. Jack got the decision on points."

Tommy Ryan, the welterweight pugilist, has accepted an offer from the Olympic Club of San Francisco, to box George Green (Young Corbett) fifteen rounds at 148 pounds on the night of Jan. 15 next. The contest will supposedly be for the welterweight championship of the world, as Kid McCoy, the present champion, has

grown out of his class. George Green offers to stop Jack McAuliffe in ten rounds, and the lightweight champion is willing that he should try, but no clubs are bidding for the match.

Frank Garrard and F. F. McKenna are matched to box to a finish for \$150 a side and 75 and 25 per cent. of the gate receipts. The battle is to be with two-ounce gloves, under Queensbury rules, at 142 pounds, on Jan. 1, 1897. It will be decided in private outside of Chicago, and the tickets are limited to twenty-five for each side. Garrard is a professional of some experience, and McKenna is a graduate from the amateur ranks, he having competed in several of the tournaments at the Chicago Athletic Association.

With the announcement of the District Attorney that Corbett and Fitzsimmons will not be permitted to box at Coney Island, probably will come a cessation of the offers of huge purses, based solely on a desire to receive inexpensive notoriety. That shrewd manager, Parson Davies, says any one who attempts to bring off the Corbett-Fitzsimmons match in New York State will make a serious mistake. Minor boxers will meet unopposed, but the instant these two heavyweights are matched the jig will be up.

A pretty and scientific battle was fought before the Empire A. C., in Syracuse, on Dec. 1, between Kid McFarland, of New York, and Jack Hanley, of Philadelphia. The contest was for twenty rounds. From the first it was seen that McFarland had caught a Tartar. Hanley began hostilities by the fiercest kind of rushes, and McFarland's backers were puzzled. At last the latter adopted offensive tactics, and repeatedly rushed Hanley to the ropes where he administered severe punishment. Hanley stood every rush and clinched often, using his hands in the break-away, though cautioned several times by the referee, "Yank" Sullivan, of Syracuse. McFarland got the decision in the twentieth round.

DOWNEY'S VICTORY OVER GORMAN.  
A Splendid Battle That Ended With a Clean Knockout.

Jack Downey, who gives promise of being in the first division of featherweights, knocked Johnny Gorman of Long Island City out in seventeen rounds, before the South Brooklyn A. C., before 2,000 people last Monday night. Johnny Eckhardt was referee, while Fred Burns was announcer.

Fred Mayo of Brooklyn and Matt Rice of Brooklyn figured in the opening bout, which was limited to ten rounds, at each weight. In the last round policemen stopped the mill, Mayo getting the decision. Rice claimed that he broke his right hand in the fifth round.

The second contest was between Billy Whistler of Philadelphia



Charles Matthews, Chicago's Famous Billiard Marker.

and Joe Bernstein of New York. They came together at catch-weights for fifteen rounds. Bernstein was billed to meet Frank Patterson, but the latter was in such poor shape that he could not go on. Whistler was declared the winner.

Then came the chief bout of the night, between Johnny Gorman of Long Island City and Jack Downey of Brooklyn. It was for twenty rounds at 128 pounds. The battle was stoutly contested. In the seventeenth round Downey went after Gorman with a vim. He hit him on the jaw and finally put him out.

## SALTIEL WON THE CONTEST.

The weight-lifting contest between Henry Saltiel and Willard Smith, both of Newark, N. J., came off on Nov. 28 in that city in the presence of a few friends. There were six feats to be performed. Smith proved a much better man than was anticipated, and at one time it looked as if he would get the better of the stalwart Saltiel. The latter, however, got himself together finally and in the last feat proved himself the better man. Saltiel scored 100 points to Smith's 71. Saltiel is down to meet "Young Sandow," of Brooklyn, for a purse of \$200. The date of the contest has not yet been arranged.

## CHARLES MATTHEWS.

(WITH PORTRAIT)

One of the most widely known and respected gentlemen in American billiard circles is Charles Matthews, of Chicago, widely known as a marker of championship games. Matthews has held his official position as marker since the "gentlemen's game" was first played to any extent in this country, and is considered to be the best man obtainable for the place. While not a great player himself, he is a student of the game and understands it thoroughly. Matthews went to Chicago in 1860, being then in the news business and associated with C. H. Shaver and Ed O'Brien. When the civil war broke out, Matthews was anxious to take part, and in 1862 enlisted with the Eighty-eighth Illinois regiment. After taking part in the battles of Chickasaw, Perryville and Stone River, he was wounded during the engagement at Mission Ridge and sent home. Since that time Charles has become one of the characters of the Windy City. He was born in Georgetown, Pa., in 1841, but his eyes are good enough even now to see across a billiard table and tell whether a point has been scored or not.

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Without that blue awakening, is yours if you follow the recipes in the new "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide." All new fancy drinks and how to mix them. Compiled by an expert. Price 25 cents; mailed free to every one sending \$1.00 for 12 weeks' subscription to Police Gazette. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet street, London, E. C.

## POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

Information for the Curious Ones Who Want To Know.

## QUERIES CONCERNING SPORT

Popularity of the "Police Gazette" as a Ready Reference for All.

## DECISIONS WHICH SETTLE WAGERS.

J. S., Lane.—Corbett.  
Joe Cleveland, Ohio.—No.  
A. R., Algiers, La.—A wins.  
M. F., Chicago, Ill.—B wins.  
P. G., Waverly, O.—B wins.  
C. H. R., Allentown, Pa.—No.  
G. W. H., Warren, O.—B wins.  
S. R., St. Paul, Minn.—A wins.  
J. K., Chicago, Ill.—No contest.  
L. W. H., Lamar, Mo.—A wins.  
D. O., Jacksonville, O.—He was.  
F. D. M., Prescott, Ariz.—B wins.  
E. T. H., Gadsden, Ala.—B wins.  
B. C., Carmi, Ill.—See answer to J. W. L., Texarkana.  
J. W. C., Akron, O.—See answer to J. W. L., Texarkana.  
S. R. P., Carmi, Ill.—Yes. See answer to J. W. L., Texarkana.  
SHAMMOCK, Lancaster, Pa.—See answer to J. W. L., Texarkana.  
Ark.  
F. K. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—See answer to J. W. L., Texarkana.

referred to only commemorated the 1,000th issue since Richard K. Fox took control of the paper. It was published many years before.

F. L., Cripple Creek, Col.—A bets B that McKinley carries a certain State; McKinley gets 800 plurality in the State; Bryan gets one electoral vote and McKinley gets twelve. Who wins? ... A wins.

H. W. H., Memphis, Tenn.—Did Fitzsimmons knock Maher out or did his seconds throw up the sponge at New Orleans? ... His seconds threw up the sponge at New Orleans. Maher was knocked out in the second fight.

F. L., Mt. Horeb, Wis.—Of what nationality is Chynski? How far apart do fighters in the ring generally stand when they make a lead or deliver a blow? ... 1. American, born in California. 2. Usually about three feet.

B. F. A., Bryan, O.—1. If you bet on 50,000 plurality for McKinley, you lose. Barr votes are not counted for Bryan, but they count against McKinley in his plurality over all candidates. 2. McKinley's plurality over State, 48,484.

L. G. O., Aliso, Tex.—Kindly give me data of records for pedestrians. I claim a record of over 600 miles in six days and nights? ... Send 25 cents for "Police Gazette Annual." Too much space required to print all records here.

I. A. L., New York.—A says, in a contest between Maher and Fitzsimmons, Maher knocked Fitz down, who stayed down for eight seconds. B says Maher never did such a thing, or knocked him down at all? ... He knocked Maher out.

Co. A, Eleventh Infantry, Fort Apache, A. T.—What per cent. does an excellent discharge give a soldier wishing to pass a civil service examination in the State of Massachusetts? ... Write to Civil Service Commissioners, Boston, Mass.

W. C., Pittsburg, Pa.—Did Jack McAuliffe and Young Griffe ever box a 20-round draw in Philadelphia? How many times did they meet in the ring, and how many rounds did they fight? ... 1. No. 2. Only once—ten rounds, at Coney Island.

C. D., Chicago, Ill.—Please inform me how long Kohl & Middleton has the Haymarket Theatre leased? Also inform me when Corbett-Fitzsimmons match is coming off? ... 1. Write to them. 2. In the sweet bye and bye. Sometime, we hope.

H. J. F., Aberdeen, S. D.—Please inform me if John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan sparred at Phoenix, Ariz., on Feb. 24, 1896, or on any other date or place in the West within one year? ... Yes, in connection with the Wicklow Postman Company.

M. C. W., Ann Arbor, Mich.—In a recent football game a bet was made, \$30 to \$10. The game was a tie. Does the man who bet the \$10 get any share of the \$30? The bet was not made with the stipulation that either side was to win. ... It is a draw.

J. A. F., Richmond, Va.—In swimming contests, for short distances, in races or against time, how is the start made? ... Sometimes from a dive and sometimes from a tread. They touch an objective point with their hands, either way would be proper.

READER, Williamsport, Pa.—Could you tell me where William F. Oddy's (known as Buffalo Bill) father was buried? Is William Hitchcock (known as Wild Bill) dead? If he is, where and how did he come to his death? ... 1. Write to Cody, North Platte, Neb. 2. Yes.

T. S., Lawrence, Mass.—P bet that 296 has never been beat on a howling alley; T bet that 300 has been made several times. There has nothing been said regarding the regulation length. ... T wins. 300 has been rolled several times during the past two years. One string, 10 frames, 300. Three strings, 90 frames, 760.

W. H. A., Sunbury, Pa.—1. A wins. His bet has no bearing upon what the other team does. 2. According to turf rulings the \$1,600 is divided equally, \$800 to each better. 3. Six is high except when an agreement to the contrary is made before throwing begins. 4. The son. On the referee's decision; if he gives none the money is drawn.

READER, Dawson, Ga.—Did Salvoor beat Tenay in 1:35 1/4 at Lexington? What is the fastest mile ever run by a horse, and where? Who rode winner of Salvoor-Tenay race? ... 1. No. 2. Salvoor ran in 1:35 1/4 against time, but he beat Tenay in a match race at Sheepshead; Murphy rode him. 3. 1:35 1/4 is the fastest mile ever run.

FRANKFORD, Water Valley, Miss.—A wagers B that C will beat D in a congressional race. Election is held and C receives the most votes and receives the certificate of election from Governor. D files contest papers, alleging fraud in voting. If D proves fraud and ousts C, who wins? ... B will win; depends upon result of final proceedings.

J. W., Alexandria, Ind.—C bet me that McKinley would not get a vote in Washington, D. C., and I bet him that he would, but I did not know that they did not vote there, and I did not have a chance to win. I would like to know if I lost, or whether he won. ... It was a catch bet, but you lose. Anybody who bets on election points should keep posted about such matters.

J. A. K., Huntville, Ont.—On the 20th inst. a man giving his name as Fred Culbert came to my hotel claiming that he was walking from San Francisco to New York city on a wager of \$5,000, and claims that the money is in your hands. Is there any truth in the statement? ... He is not telling the truth. We never heard of the man and do not hold the wager.

READER, Salt Lake City.—Supposing A should come to B and bet that Sharkey would whip Fitzsimmons; B would take the bet, not betting that Fitz would whip Sharkey but that Sharkey would not whip Fitz. B claims that if it was a draw that he would win? ... If an understanding was made about the draw when bet was made B would win. Else it would be a draw.

E. A., Caldwell, Idaho.—What constitutes a royal flush? Is there more than one royal flush? On a close decision, is there such a thing as a tie between two hands? Take four straight flushes—all the same, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—which is high? ... 1. Ace, king, queen, jack and ten spot of any suit. 2. Yes, four. 3. Yes, when royal flushes of any suit are out, for illustration, 4. Neither.

J. W. L., Texarkana, Ark.—One party bet that McKinley carried the electoral vote of Kentucky, the other bet that Bryan would carry it. Now in case of a split in the electoral vote, who wins the money? Or does neither win it? ... The consensus of opinion among political statisticians is that McKinley carried the State. The "split" in the electoral vote, as you call it (13 to 1), has no bearing upon the fact and is only brought into an argument by people who seek an excuse to evade the payment of bets.

C. K. J., Lawrence, Mass.—Two gentlemen of this city had an argument on bowling, and chose me to settle it for them. Knowing that you conduct one of the best, if not the best, sporting papers in the country, of which I have no doubt, I wish you would do this favor. What is the best record on a single string? Was there ever a score of 300 made? Did Mr. Zimmerman, the crack rifle shot, ever make a score of 300? ... 1. 300. 2. Yes, it is frequently made. 3. Have no record of his particular feat.

H. B., Washington, D. C.—Please inform me the correct authority on the following questions on bowling: If a club, duly incorporated from a bowling club of five regulars and five substitutes, to play in the Amateur League of D. C. under the rules of the American Amateur Bowling Union, can the captain of that team go, in case the regular bowler does not show up? If a substitute is there, can he ignore that bowler and put a man in his place who is only a member of the club, no member of either the regular or substitute team? In case that team should win, and was discovered, wouldn't that be a forfeit of the game? ... He must play a regular or substitute. No other has a right.

W. R. O., Amsterdam.—There is at present in this city a very big and strong man called H. J. Placke, who told me that he knew very good boxing and wrestling, and that he has been in America and Australia since about his eighth year. He is now 25. He further informed me that he has won in Australia the heavyweight championship and has beaten Fischer. He comes now from London, where he met Fitz and challenged him, but Fitz would not accept. Please tell me if you know this man, and kindly give me some information about him. Placke has challenged Mr. D. Van den Berg, our champion wrestler in Graco-Roman style, who is an excellent, first-class wrestler. Van den Berg has beaten several good French, German and English wrestlers, also Memphis, one of the Turkish wrestlers who were in Paris last year. Your last paper I got was dated Oct. 2; I did not so far receive one of a later date. My best wishes to you with the 1,000th number of your paper, hoping the numbers of your Police Gazette may increase every day.

... Never heard of him in America. In England he made a very unfavorable impression.

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W. S., Washington C. H., O.—1. See answer to J. W. L., Texarkana. 2. See answer to B. F. A., Bryan, O. 3. McKinley. 4. For McKinley.

M. N. H., Aurora, Ill.—A holds 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 of spades; B holds four aces in a game of poker. Which hand wins? ... 3, 4, 5, 6 of spades win.

G. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The man with the full hand wins, but the player who opened the pot by mistake, must pay the penalty according to the rules.

B. F., Kendallville, Ind.—A bets B that McKinley would have a plurality of 50,000 in Ohio. Which hand wins? ... See answer, B. F. A., Bryan, O.

E. W. G., Minneapolis, Minn.—How old is Chynski? How many times was he defeated and who by? ... 1. Twenty-eight years. 2. Sent 25 cents for "Police Gazette Annual."

J. McC., Creston, Ia.—That may be possible as the souvenir you





CHARLES ELLSWORTH.

CHAMPION BLIND CHECKER PLAYER OF THE WORLD. WHO IS VERY WELL-KNOWN.



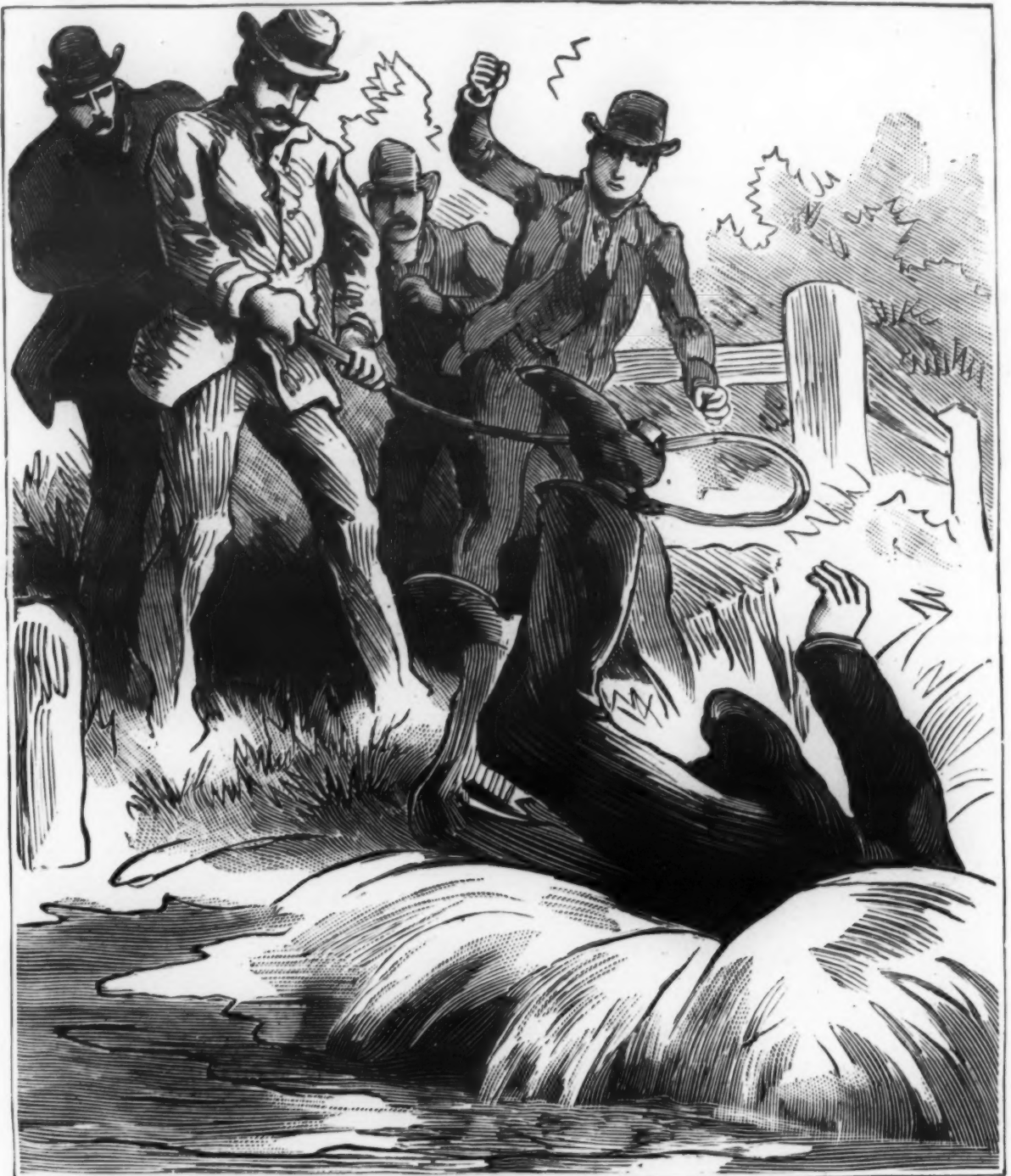
S. BORTEL.

A YOUNG CIGAR DEALER, OF 220 FIFTH AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y., WHO HAS GONE TO FIGHT FOR CUBA.



CHARLES W. PURVIS.

AS THE PROPRIETOR OF THE "DIZZY CAFE," KANSAS CITY, MO.; LOOKS WITH HALF HIS MUSTACHE.



DUCKED FOR WIFE BEATING.

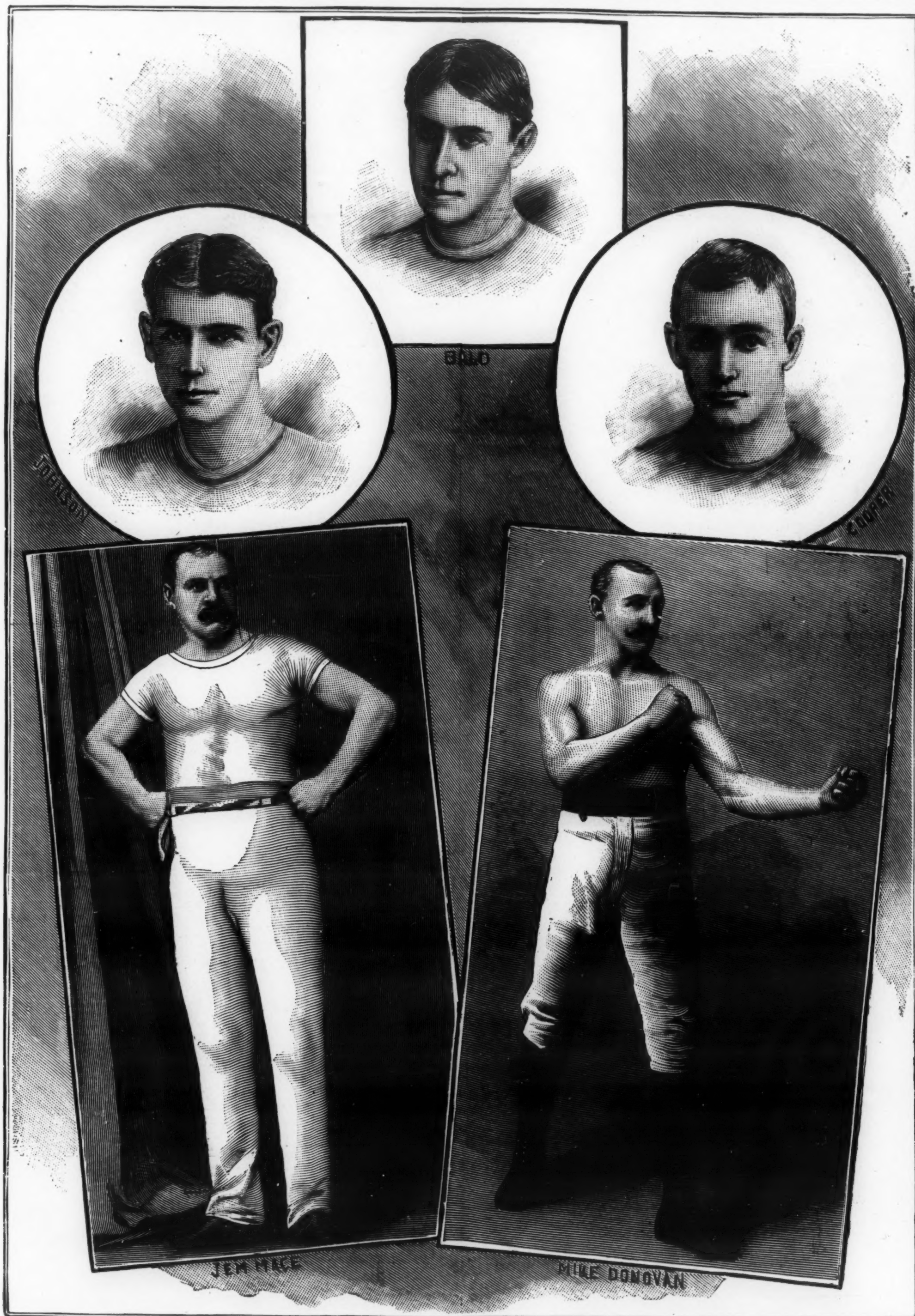
A SHOEMAKER, OF DECATUR, IND., PLUNGED IN AND OUT OF A STREAM UNTIL HE WAS ALMOST DEAD.



HE LOVED TO HUG THE GIRLS.

A GAY YOUTH, OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS., WHOSE DELIGHT IT WAS TO EMBRACE YOUNG, GOOD-LOOKING GIRLS.





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MACE AND DONOVAN, WHO WILL BOX AT THE BROADWAY ATHLETIC CLUB ON DEC.  
14---A TRIO OF CYCLING CELEBRITIES.



## OUR FAMOUS TONSORIALISTS

Louis F. Stecher, Who Has a Shop at  
1293 Michigan Ave., Detroit, Mich.



Although Mr. Stecher is only twenty-four years old yet he has been a barber for thirteen years. When he first began to shave as a business he had to stand on a low chair. He has been at the present place for eleven years and says he finds it a benefit to keep the POLICE GAZETTE on file.

## SAYS HE KNOWS TICHY.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I have known Mr. J. Tichy for a number of years. He used to be a newsboy on the train until Chicago incorporated a barber school; since then, after six weeks' experience, he has been a barber. If he shaves a man once, that same man would not get shaved by him again. So Mr. Tichy is no barber, but a barber school student. I am willing to bet Mr. Tichy \$25 that he cannot shave a man in 10 minutes. I hope Mr. Tichy will see this in your paper and quit bluffing the barbers. Please publish this letter in your great paper. Yours truly,

JOSEPH WOLF,  
544 West Eighteenth Street, Chicago, Ill.

FLUSHING, L. I., Nov. 30, 1896.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: I wish you would publish in your paper a few words I have to say about James Guerrero, of 16 Graham street, Brooklyn, the so-called champion.

I have been to see him about that article he had in the POLICE GAZETTE saying that he would challenge anybody of his age for \$500 at quick shaving in the city of Brooklyn.

I have been to see him and told him that I would take up his challenge for \$500 and for \$1,000 also, but he told me that he did not put anything of the kind in the paper, and told me that some one of his workmen that saw him shave had caused it to be published.

I will challenge him at shaving or hair cutting in any style for \$500 or \$1,000. I don't brag about being a very good barber or call myself a champion, but I will challenge him for the sum he offered or more.

Very respectfully,

FRANK A. BELLUCCI,  
127 Main street, Flushing, L. I.

P. S.—I wish you would publish this in your paper and oblige one of your steady readers.

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How the Vote For the Most Popular Drink  
Dispenser Stands.

	VOTES.
F. P. Parisano, 297 Mott St., N. Y. city	300
Max Ewald, 813 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.	84
Louis Halst, 70 Jefferson St., New York	36
Michael Clark, 158 E. 23rd St., New York	14
Fred. Schneider, Newark, N. J.	12
B. Allen, 320 Walnut St., Des Moines, Ia.	12
F. Richards, Prairie du Chien, Wis.	11
Charles Vanzant, Mount Holly, N. J.	11
Ed. Williams, 293 Mauger St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	10
Louis Salvato, 141 Mott St., N. Y. city	8
J. J. Hobin, 232 Eaton St., Peoria, Ill.	8
Fred. Sheffer, 567 Morgan St., Chicago, Ill.	7
Edward Hausen, 445 Palisade Ave., Jersey City	7
John Cahill, Esq., 28 Park Place, N. Y. city	6
Fred. Eisele, Harness Cafe, Broadway, New York	6
Frank Featherston, Matteawan, N. Y.	5
Fred. Pepper, Milford, Conn.	5
Sam Way, Stanley, Wis.	5
J. Collins, Rathburn House, Elmira, N. Y.	5
A. G. Millard, Walters' Hotel, Cairo, N. Y.	5
Geo. Frank, 331 Bowers, N. Y. city	4
Henry Berger, 14th Ave., Albany, N. Y.	4
H. Welltal, 1645 Third Ave., N. Y. city	4
George Mealey, Chatham, N. Y.	4
A. A. Geiger, 1023 Main St., Clyde, O.	4
F. W. Langham, 8 N. Fremont St., Baltimore, Md.	3
M. J. Corcorano, 572 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.	3
T. C. White, 138 W. Market St., N. Scranton, Pa.	3
A. Helmetter, Fairfield, A. A. County, Md.	3
Jos. Siana, 16th & Williams Sts., Omaha, Neb.	3
Adolph Heinrug, Security Building, Chicago, Ill.	1
Cooney Wesser, Roseland Club House, Phoebus, Va.	1
Thomas Smader, 331 Main St., Racine, Wis.	1
Chas. B. Shirk, Palace Hotel, Lebanon, Pa.	1
Chas. Fredrichsen, Bunker Hill, Ill.	1
W. A. Kelly, Esq., Shreveport, La.	1
J. Laurlander, New Brighton, S. I.	1
Kimball, Tupper Claremont, N. H.	1
V. Carroll Hooper, Phoebus, Va.	1
Louis E. Cohen, Tallahassee, Fla.	1
Joseph P. Murfay, Marlborough Hotel, New York	1
J. Comisford, 73 Giesell St., Freeport, Ill.	1
Miss Lilley Lester, Molbrook, Dutchess Co., N. Y.	1
Ed. Stuck, 1212 W. 3rd St., Dayton, O.	1
Louis J. Best, 362 10th Ave., New York	1
William E. Dorgan, Taunton, Mass.	1
Wm. Stigner, Denver House, Breckenridge, Col.	1
B. Rodigan, Nugget Saloon, Breckenridge, Col.	1

## ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that I written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and mainly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

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## IN THE BOWLERS' CORNER.

News and Gossip of Interest to the Pin Knights.

Charles Doran, the ex-captain of the Acmes, rolled a score of 100 in large round numbers in the game against Dr. Tim's five at Frankel's alleys last week. He is looking for the high individual average of the Uccle Sam's tournament, maybe.

P. Donovan defeated G. Aaks, on Schwab's alleys, Buffalo, N. Y., last week, with a margin of 97 pins to spare. These rollers are well-known in that city and had their friends out in force that night.

Next Saturday night a six-team four-men tournament starts on Erner's Imperial alleys, Broadway and Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. It will continue for a week and the prizes are said to be above the average.

Another tournament starts on Murry & Irwin's alleys, Boston, Mass., Dec. 10. This time the candle-pin game finals will be rolled off Saturday, Dec. 11. Entrance fee, \$2 a team. Twenty per cent. will qualify for the finals.

In the prize bowling contest at Frank Selfert's new alleys on Pine street, Jersey City, N. J., the following gentlemen have been declared winners of the first five prizes: Vinteri, 212; Richter, 210; Meyer, 203; Steffens, 185; Duis, 165.

The Oxford Club, of Lynn, Mass., journeyed to Everett, Mass., last week, and defeated the Glendon Club in the inter-club series without an effort. The latter team could not get their eye on the head-pin and suffered accordingly. Scores: Oxford, 2,241; Glendon, 2,107. This was a forty-frame contest.

At the last meeting of the Elmsmere Club on the St. Mary's Hall alleys, above the Harlem, the eighteen members rolled a score of 5,381, making an average of 167 15/18. Charles Decker headed the list with 250, William McIntyre made 221 and P. McDowell 201. This stands as the record for these alleys.

A match series that is attracting considerable attention at present in Buffalo, N. Y., has been arranged between Prof. J. A. Koch and Henry Colster, of the Tuscarora Club. The conditions are to roll two games a week at L. P. Gebhardt's alleys, Michigan and Sycamore streets, until the end of the season.

At the opening of the tournament of the Associated Cycling Clubs of New Jersey, on the Castle Point alleys, in Hoboken, the Catholic Club cyclists and Castle Point representatives rolled two games, and broke even in the first. The score was: Catholic Club, 896; C. P.'s, 794. The second game produced the following scores: C. C.'s, 729; U. P.'s, 838.



HENRY SCHOENECK.

Henry Schoeneck is one of the most prominent bowlers of Chicago Ill. He is considered the most reliable standby of the Hootoo Club, the leaders in the Chicago National tourney, and heads the list for the high individual average with a score of 2 3/5 6. Last season he participated in fourteen games, averaging 196.

A new bowling league has been organized in Brookline, Mass. Games will be rolled at the Riverside Casino. The board of managers consists of the following gentlemen: Dr. G. C. Alnoworth, Boston A. A.; E. P. Saltonstall, of the Chestnut Hill; H. L. Wilson and Carl Spear, Riverdale; G. H. White, Newton; H. C. and J. A. Orbin, of the Newton Boat Club.

The Puritan Athletic Club had an easy time defeating the Linden Wheelmen in their series at Greenville, L. I., last week. In the first game Messrs. Heinrich and Cathart, of the first-named club, passed the 200 mark, and the team rolled a total of 915. The Linden Wheelmen five rolled a total of 755, notwithstanding the fact that Kilgus gained a total of 200.

The ferryman employed in ferries along the Jersey shore have organized a bowling division. A tournament has been arranged for teams of seven men. The officers elected at the last meeting were: P. Wilson, president, from the Desbrosses street ferry; O. Boyce, of Cortlandt street ferry, vice-president, and Emil Reuther, secretary and treasurer.

In the New Jersey "Evening Journal" League series the board of managers has decided to order the game between the Clio Wheelmen and Lafayette Club played over, as the Clio put in a protest, claiming that the approach to the foul line was too short and handicapped their players. Since that date alterations have been made and the run has been lengthened.

The Newark Bay Boat Club ten won a game after a hard struggle with the New Jersey Athletic Club team, on the alleys in Newark, N. J., last week. The contest was close from start to finish and occasioned considerable excitement and applause from the onlookers. Had either Snyder or Day, the last two men rolling for the home team, made a break in the final frame, the Newark team would have been defeated. The scores were: Newark Bay Boat Club, 1516; New Jersey Athletic Club, 1508.

The majority of the bowlers from New York and Brooklyn that participated in the great two-men tournament, held in Boston, claim that the way the affair was managed robbed it of considerable glory. Gerdes and Brill, representing the Corinthian Club of this city, rolled in better shape than the others from this vicinity, most of whom failed to qualify for the finals. John Schilling said the alleys reminded him of a shuffle board. All the players had sore hands after the encounter. Another thing was remarked that although the fact that a good-sized delegation was expected from here and the time of their arrival was known, not a representative was down to the train to greet and direct them, and the boys were obliged to tramp around town looking for the alleys. John says that journey killed the bowling qualities in Joe Thum for the time.

## TO OUR READERS.

We are pleased to call our readers' attention to the advertisement of the Los Unidos Cigar Company of New York city. If any reader desires a handsome holiday present free he should read this company's advertisement on page 14 of this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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For Middleweight Championship.

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